THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Volume 173, No. 50 — *Philadelphia, June 15, 1901* — Five Cents the Copy

Copyright, 1901, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 425 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

The Platonic Love Letters of Charles Dickens

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

The Platonic Love Letters of Charles Dickens

The Novelist as a Matchmaker

THE love letters of Charles Dickens. The heading which caught the casual eye of newspaper readers lately did no more than herald a cautious statement that Charles Dickens wrote love letters (which no doubt he did) to Kate Hogarth, whom he married when he was very young; and that such love letters may be in existence and may therefore some day appear in print. It happens, however, that the lady from whom Dickens parted when he and she were in the prime of life—without a breath of serious scandal on either side—was very inarticulate. She never sought the traditional last word—nor did she offer the first. If she had the love letters she probably burned them. If her husband had resumed the ownership of them he certainly destroyed them. Never, therefore, need we fear that they will be read in the light of the after incompatibility by a public already done to death by disillusion.

But a little bundle of Dickens' letters there is, which no such impossibility and no such privacy interdict from publication. Nearly sixty years have elapsed since they were written by the novelist to a warmly attached friend of his and to a young girl of sweet beauty, to whom that friend was introduced by Dickens himself and of whom he became at once enamored. These letters show Dickens in a new and in an altogether delightful character—that of the man who, though his own love troubles took an early place in his life, was able to throw himself into the fortunes of his friends with an abandonment that is unique. One of this group of three is still living; and though the publication of familiar names might add to the interest of the story, a reticent anonymity seems rather to be desirable. Nor could any letters better bear to be judged on their own inherent merits. Though they deal with the attachment of a second and third person, they are themselves really love letters in their tenderness of touch, their exhilaration of tone. The novelist, who was thirty-two years of age at the time, and had been married for some years, gives us the idea that he could easily under other circumstances have been a very good pleader on his own part. As it is, Platonic love (that ambiguous force in life which has had little expression in letters) seems to illumine calmly—and not quite calmly, either—some of the following passages, directly devoted to the fanning of a ruddier flame.

Dickens' first meeting with the girl in question was in Liverpool. He was either reading or speaking at some sort of charitable entertainment, at which part of the program was musical. Dickens expected the usual kind of pianist, and was startled by the appearance of a young creature in a pale blue evening dress, trimmed with white fur. Though very young, she was a fine musician, and Thalberg's praises had almost decided her father to devote her to that profession.

During the evening, Dickens, the lion of the house, could hardly take his eyes from her face. He asked permission to call on her the next day, which he did, giving her copies of his books and two verses of his own composing about her, as well as a copy of Tennyson's poems which Tennyson had given to him. He did more. He introduced to her the friend who had come from London to hear him read.

Dickens returned to town, but his friend, whom fortune and talent made a particularly eligible visitor, lingered in Liverpool, and wrote thence a letter which has not been kept, but whose purport is plain from the novelist's response.

" Devonshire Terrace.
" Monday, Eleventh March, 1844.

" My dear ——: I swear that when I opened and read your letter this morning (I laid down my pen to break the seal: being just shut up in my own room) I felt the blood go from my face to I don't know where, and my very lips turn white. I never in my life was so surprised, or had the whole current of my life so stopped, for the instant, as when I felt, at a glance, what your letter said, which I did correctly. For when I came to read it attentively, and several times over, I found nothing new in it.

" This was not because it contained a word to astonish *me*, but because I never had imagined you remaining in Liverpool; or seriously admiring her. Forgive me when I say that I did not think it lay in your temper or habit to do so unless it had become a thing of pretty long custom. I supposed you had returned to Yorkshire. I expected you in town any day—and have often wondered within myself whether you would still have an interest in recalling, with me, her uncommon character and wonderful endowments. I know that in many points I am an excitable and headstrong man, and ride, Oh God, what prancing hobbies!—and although I knew that the impression she had made on me was a true, deep, honest, pure-spirited thing, I thought my nature might have been prepared to receive it, and to exaggerate it unconsciously, and to keep it green long after such a fancy as I deemed it probable you might have conceived, had withered. So much for my injustice, which I *must* release myself of, in the first instance.

" You ask me to write, and I think you want me to write freely. I will tell you what I would do myself if I were in your case, and I will tell you without the least reserve.

" If I had all your independent means, and twenty times my own reputation and fame—and felt as irresistibly impelled toward her as I should if I were in your place, and as you do—I would not hesitate, or do that slight to the resolution of my own heart which hesitation would imply; but would win her if I could. I would answer it to myself if any world's breath whispered me that I had known her but a few days, that hours of hers are years in the lives of common women. That it is in such a face and such a spirit, as a part of its high nature, to do at once what less ethereal creatures must be long in doing. That as no man ever saw a soul or caught it in its flight, no man can measure it by rule and rod. And that it has a right in such lofty development, to pitch all forms laid down by bodies to the Devil—the only Being, as far as I know, who was never in love himself, or inspired it in others.

" And to the father I *would* point out, in very tenderness and sorrow for this gentle creature, who otherwise is lost to this sad world, which needs another, Heaven knows, to set it right—lost in her youth, as surely as she lives—that the course to which he is devoting her should not be called her life, but Death: for its speedy end is certain. I saw an angel's message in her face that day, that smote me to the heart. He may not know this, being always with her; it is very likely he does not; and I would tell it him. Repose, change, a mind at rest, a foreign climate, would be, in a springtime like hers, the dawning of a new existence. I believe, I do believe and hope, that this would save her; and that many happy years hence she would be strong and hardy. But at the worst; contemplating the chance, the distant chance in such a case, of what is so dreadful; I could say in solemn and religious earnestness, that I could bear better her passing from my arms to Heaven, than I could endure the thought of coldly turning off into the world again to see her no more; to have my very name forgotten in her ears; to lose the recollection of her myself but at odd times and in remorseful glances backward; and only to have the old thoughts stirred up at last by some indifferent person saying, 'You recollect her? Ah! she's dead.'

" As I live, I write the Truth, and feel it.

" So many ideas spring up within me, of the quiet happiness we might enjoy abroad, all of us together, in some delicious nook, where we should make merry over all this, that I don't know whether to be glad or sorry at my own hopefulness. Such Italian castles, bright in sunny days, and pale in moonlight nights, as I am building in the air!

" But time is precious, and Dick is (to a certain extent) a prosing Donkey if you give him the rein. So, as it is pouring very hard, and John will probably contract an asthma in running, at the rate of seven miles an hour, to the post-office to save the Post, I will go on with my building after I have dispatched this.

" I never was more in earnest, my dear ——, in my life.
" Always faithfully your friend,
" Charles Dickens.

" P. S. I don't seem to have said half enough."

Two days later the novelist wrote again to the hesitating aspirant for the lady's hand:

" Devonshire Terrace.
" Thirteenth March, 1844.

" My dear ——: 'Think of Italy!' Don't give that up! Why, my house is entered at Phillips's and at Gillows', to be let for twelve months; my letter of credit lies ready at Coutts's; my last number of *Chuzzlewit* comes out in June; and the first week (if not the first day) in July sees me—God willing—steaming off toward the sun.

" Yes. We must have a few books—and everything that is idle, sauntering and enjoyable. We must lie down in the bottom of those boats, and devise all kinds of engines for improving on that gallant holiday. I see myself in a striped shirt, moustache, blouse, red sash, straw hat, and white trousers, sitting astride a mule, and not caring for the clock, the day of the month, or the day of the week. Tinkling bells upon the mule, I hope? I look forward to it, day and night; and wish the time were coming. Don't *you* give it up. That's all.

" I feel what you say in respect of your old suffering, and quite understood it as being expressed in your former letter. No man can enter on such lists with one who has trodden them, if he only know them in imagination.

" At the father, I snap my fingers. I would leap over the head of the tallest father in Europe, if his daughter's heart lay on the other side, and were worth having.

" As to my chance of having it—well, I think I could make a guess about that (tessellating a great many little things together) which should not be very wide of the mark.

" But I would not tarry, where I could not resolve. For aught you know, you may deal a heavier wound than you receive; and you certainly will not salve your own by keeping it open. You will crucify nothing but yourself upon that Diamond Cross—unless it be *her*self too.

" If you come to town, I shall look to see you immediately. If you remain there, to hear from you. In either case, to go abroad with you, stay there with you, and come back with you.

" Always, my dear ——,
" Faithfully your friend,
" Charles Dickens.

" I'll send him those verses to-morrow."

The " him " was the difficult father, and the verses those composed by Dickens in the daughter's honor. A fortnight later, and the novelist's third letter showed that his friend had been better employed than in the mere building of castles in the air:

" Devonshire Terrace.
" Friday, Twenty-ninth March, 1844.

" My dear ——: I congratulate you with all my heart and soul, a million of times. It is a noble prize you have won. And I am sure you have won it in a noble spirit. A hearty God bless you!

" Good Heaven, what a dream it appears! Shall we ever forget that night when she came up to *the* Piano—that morning when Dick, the energetic Dick, devised the visit! Shall we ever cease to have a huge and infinite delight in talking about the whole romance from end to end—in dwelling upon it, exaggerating it in every possible way, form, shape and kaleidoscopic variety!

" Ask her to save the dress—the dress with the fur upon it. Let it be laid up in lavender. Let it never grow old, fade, shrink, or undergo millinerial alteration, but be a household god, immortally young and perpetually green. *Wasn't* it green? I think so.

" The father seems to have acted like a man. I had my fears of that, I confess: for the greater part of my observation of parents and children has shewn selfishness in the first, almost invariably.

" I swear, my dear ——, that I am as well pleased as yourself. I send you all manner of cordiality in this.

" Of course I shall see you, as soon as you arrive here. I rather expect to hear that you have been called to Yorkshire, for I received dreary accounts of poor S—— this morning and yesterday, through Alfred.

" Always faithfully your friend,
" Charles Dickens."

The last letter is addressed by the novelist to the young girl, who, it is more evident to us than perhaps it was even to herself, did not quite know her own mind. Dickens' fears for her health, one may add, were the result of his exaltation of feeling—a bit of early Victorian sentiment, perhaps. The lady is still alive—still blooming.

" Malton Abbey, Yorkshire.
" Monday, Eighth April, 1844.

" My dear Miss ——: I was exceedingly glad to receive your letter some weeks since; and should have written to thank you for it, if I had had anything to say. Not being one of those remorseless persons who look upon the Penny Postage as a General License to let fly with a paper pellet at all sorts of game, however, I waited in the hope that I might have something to say in the course of time. In which expectation I have been disappointed. Nobody's house, in whom I have reason to suppose you interested, has taken fire: nothing has changed for good or evil which is likely to concern you at all: and, unless the modest creature who sang about the ugly man at Liverpool has grown bold since I was there (which is not probable: considering his remarkable bashfulness at that time), no man or woman whom we both know is one bit the better or the worse since we parted, that *I* know.

" Yet, that is not so, either. For to my amazement, I have found one friend of mine very much the worse for a visit to your town. Something comes over the paper like the light of a blush from you; I don't know what is the cause of the effect, but it is very red. I mention it on account of its singularity—and losing the thread of my discourse in doing so (it is so very slight that it is hard to find) I must turn over leaf, and look back.

"Oh! My friend! I recollect. Yes. He went to Liverpool, and fell desperately, madly, irretrievably in Love there, which was so perfectly natural (the circumstances of his case being quite uncommon, and his provocation enormous) that I could not find it in my heart to remonstrate with him for his folly. Indeed, I rather encouraged him in it than otherwise: for I had that amount of sympathy with his condition, which—but that I am beyond the reach, the lawful reach, of the Wings that fanned *his* fire—would have rendered it the greatest happiness and pleasure of my life to have run him through the body. In no poetical or tender sense, I assure you, but with good sharp steel. He fell in Love, this man, and after divers misgivings and hesitations and deliberations, and all that, mentioned the fact—first to the winds, and to the gentle airs that blow in Mr. Radley's bedchambers; and afterwards to—to Her. Well. He thought he was getting on hopefully, gently, reasonably, smoothly, and wrote as much to me in London. I immediately threw up a small cap (sky blue) which I keep on a peg in my study for such joyful occasions as very seldom happen; and remained for some days perpetually casting it into the air and catching it again, in a transport of delight.

"In the midst of this enthusiasm I was summoned down here (he visits hereabouts) to attend a funeral: and at this funeral I found him, to my great amazement, acting as chief mourner to his own hopes, and attending them to an early grave with the longest hatband and the usefulest pocket handkerchief I ever saw in my life. At this I was very much surprised, and very sorry as you will believe; and the sky-blue cap (still in the air) fell down upon my head with the weight and velocity of a cannon-ball.

"For I found out, when I came to talk to him, that one wretchedness coming upon the head of another—they always make a pyramid; God knows why—he had heard in the very height of another distress, from Her: and She had told him that he had been a little premature—and that there were other footprints in the field—and so forth.

"But by little and little, I got the cap up again—not very high, but *up*—and there it is now, over my head, as I write. For I told him that as to other footmarks being in that course, there might be a host, and yet the best flowers might grow up at last in the steps of the last man, if he were True, Unselfish, Manly, Honorable, Patient and Deserving. I told him that I had a faith in such strong qualities never being inspired in a man's heart for failing purposes—that I had a Faith in his possessing them, and carrying them gallantly into his attachment—and that I had as high and confident a Faith (oh, Heaven! what a boundless Faith it is!) in Her—and that whatever She worked out would be for Good, I knew. I *do* know it, as well as if I had known her from her cradle, as in the spirit, I have.

"In short, I went on as if I had a white head, a staff, a patriarchal beard, and a bent back—saving that I threw the sky-blue cap a little higher than an old man would have done perhaps, and kept it up as gaily as I could. Which I mean to do, unless you hold my hands; and that you won't do, I believe. Whatever happens in this case, of this I am quite sure—that it will all happen Wrong, and cannot happen otherwise than Wrong: the undersigned being excluded from all competition, and only throwing up his cap for other men, instead of cutting it up into Favors for himself. Not last among your faithful and admiring friends, my dear Miss ——, still; nor yet a cold spectator of the slightest thing that can concern your happiness.

"Faithfully your friend,

"Charles Dickens."

The sequel was idyllic. It was a love story that might have "been put in a book." The girl gave her heart to the friend who had so good a second in this duel of the affections. These letters remain to show the glowing heart of a man of letters with a genius for friendship. How far the lady felt the secondary influence one can only guess; but her marriage with the principal, which was celebrated after due delays, proved to be of the happiest, and the couple had two children whose careers, had Dickens lived to follow them, would have rewarded him afresh for the generous pains and risks of a third person's intervention in an affair of the heart.

From the New King's Court

THE King was loth to part with his son and heir for so long a period as his world-tour will require, not a little because he has long looked upon the Duke of Cornwall and York to assist him in his work. When Prince of Wales the King used to call him his "understudy," a rôle to be filled largely now by the Duke of Connaught, who has, by the way, been mentioned for the post of Commander-in-Chief in India. The Duchess, it is known, would have greatly liked to return to India, but the family and domestic reasons against it are too strong. The eldest Connaught girl is on the point of "coming out," and directly after the mourning she will be presented.

Some doubts are felt as to how the Duke of Cornwall will prosper in his progress round the world. He rather lacks the *bonhomie* and frankness of his Royal father, and is somewhat tinged with what the French call *morgue*—a stiffness of manner that does not make him immediately popular. The fact is, he takes life seriously and is somewhat oppressed with the responsibilities of his rank and position. The King, by the way, is quite jealous of his son's more extended opportunities for foreign travel. "The Duke of Cornwall will have gone 2500 miles farther than I did," he was heard to say.

Nothing has been settled yet as to the governorship of Chelsea Hospital and it is generally thought that the historic mansion will be offered to Earl Roberts as his residence. The Commander-in-Chief of the Army has never possessed an official home, a house in which he can give receptions and entertainments. At present Lord Roberts lives at a hotel in Dover Street in a very quiet and unostentatious way. He is a most domestic character and likes nothing better than to be the centre of his own family circle; he never works comfortably unless one or other of his daughters is in the room with him. Naturally the young ladies cannot accompany him to the War Office, so he stays at home.

His hotel is only a short step from Pall Mall, so that he can always get back for luncheon. Lord Lansdowne goes to Lansdowne House from the Foreign Office. The present Secretary of State for War, Mr. Broderick, favors one or other of the clubs close at hand. He is often seen at the Athenæum, which is popular with Cabinet Ministers, and where Mr. Chamberlain may be seen at luncheon most days of the week.

Mr. Broderick has been made a member, *ex officio*, of the Army and Navy Club, just opposite the War Office's main entrance, and he seems fond of the society of servicemen. Some one was heard to ask him how he liked his new work, and he frankly admitted that he found military matters far more intricate than he had anticipated. Mr. Broderick is not very well known by sight as yet, and the other day he found himself at one of the club tables immediately adjoining a couple of military members who were discussing him and his new scheme in no measured terms. Fortunately for himself he is very deaf or he might have heard considerably more than he wished.

John W. Jones

By Holman F. Day, Author of Up in Maine

A sort of double-breasted face had old John W. Jones,
Reddened and roughened by sun and wind, with angular high cheek-bones;
At the fair, one time, of the Social Guild he received unique renown
By being elected unanimously the homeliest man in town.
The maidens giggled, the women smiled, the men laughed loud and long,
While old John W. leaned right back and he-hawed good and strong.
And never was jest too broad for him; for all of the quips and chaff
That assailed his queer old mug thro' life he had but a hearty laugh.
"Ho, ho!" he'd snort; "haw, haw!" he'd roar. "That's me, my friends, that's me!
Now hain't that the most skew-angled phiz that ever ye chanced to see?"
And then he would tell us this little tale. "'Twas one dark night," said he,
"I was driving along in a piece of woods and there wasn't a ray to see,
When all to once my cart locked wheels with another old chap's cart;
We gee-ed and backed but we hung there fast, and neither of us could start.
Then the stranger-man, he struck a match to see how he'd get away,
And I vum he had the homeliest face I've seen for many a day.
Well, just for a joke, I grabbed his throat and pulled my pipe-case out,
And the stranger reckoned I had a gun and he wrassled good and stout.
But I got him down on his back at last and straddled across his chest
And allowed to him he'd better prepare to go to his last long rest.
He gasped and groaned he was poor and old and hadn't a blessed cent,
And, almost blubbering, asked to know what under the sun I meant.
Said I: 'I've sworn if I meet a man that is homelier 'n what I be
I'll kill him. I reckon I've got the man!' Says he: 'Please let me see!'
So I loosened a bit while he struck a match; he held it with trembling hand
While through the tears in his poor old eyes my cross-piled face he scanned.
Then he dropped the match and he groaned and said: 'If truly you think that I
Am ha'f as homely as what you are—please shoot! I want to die!'"
And the story always would start the laugh, and Jones would drop his jaw,
And lean 'way back and slap his leg and laugh—"Ho, haw-haw-haw!"

That was Jones
—John W. Jones—
Queer, Gothic old structure of cob-piled bones;
His droll red face
Had not a trace
Of comeliness or of special grace.
But I tell you, friends, that candor glowed
In those true old eyes—those deep old eyes;
And love and faith and manhood showed
Without disguise—without disguise.
Though he certainly won a just renown
As the homeliest man we had in town.

He never had married—that old John Jones; he'd grubbed on his little patch,
Supported his parents until they died, and then had lived "old bach."
We had some suspicions we couldn't prove: for years had an unknown man
Distributed gifts to the poor in town on a sort of a Santa Claus plan:
If a worthy old widow was needing wood, some night would that wood be left;
There was garden truck placed in the barns of those by mishap or drought bereft;
And once when the night was clear and bright in the glorious month of June,

Poor, broken-legged Johnson's garden was hoed in the light of the great white moon.
And often some farmer by illness weighed, and weary, discouraged and poor,
Would find a wad of worn old bills tucked carefully under his door.

And the tracks in the sod, of this man who trod by night on his secret routes,
Were suspiciously like the other prints that were made by John Jones' boots.
And the wheel-marks wobbled extremely like the trail of Jones'old cart.
But whatever his mercies he hid them all in the depths of his warm old heart.
For whenever the neighbors would pin him down, he'd lift his faded hat—
"Now, say," he'd laugh, "can a man be good with a physog such as that?"
Then came the days, the black, dread days when the smallpox swept our town,
—With pesthouse crowded from sill to eaves—and the nurses "taken down."
And panic reigned and the best went wild, and even the doctors fled,
And scarce was there one to aid the sick or bury the awful dead.
But there in that pesthouse, day and night, a man with quiet tones
And steady heart kept still at work—and that was old John Jones.
While ever his joke was: "What! Afraid? Why, gracious me, I'm fine!
But if I weren't, a few more dents won't harm this face of mine."
Yet those who writhed there in their pain within that loathsome place,
Saw beauty not of man and earth upon that gnarled old face.
And when he eased their pain-racked forms or brought the cooling draft
They wondered if this saint could be the man at whom they'd laughed.
And thus he fought, unwearied, brave, until the Terror passed,
—And then, poor old John W. Jones—he had the smallpox last.
And, worn by vigils, toil and fasts, the fate he had defied
Descended on him, stern and fierce; he died, my friends—he died.
They held one service at the church for all the village dead;
The pastor when he came to Jones—he choked a bit and said:
"If handsome is as handsome does—and I now say to you,
I verily, I honestly believe that saying true!
If handsome is as handsome does, we had right here in town
A man whose beauty fairly shone—from Heaven itself sent down.
At first, perhaps, we failed to grasp the contour of that face,
But now with God's own light on it we see its perfect grace.
And so I say, our handsomest man"—the pastor hushed his tones,
With streaming eyes looked up and said—"was old John W. Jones."

That was Jones
—John W. Jones—
Queer, Gothic old structure of cob-piled bones;
His quaint red face
Had not a trace
Of comeliness or of special grace.
But I tell you, friends, we drop this shell,
Just over there—just over there!
Good deeds, good thoughts, good hearts will tell
In moulding souls serene and fair.
And Jones will stand with harp and crown
—The handsomest angel from our old town.

IDEAS WORTH MILLIONS By Emile Berliner

OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUNG INVENTORS

THE United States is the only country in the world in which inventors form a distinct class or profession. In Europe the inventor *per se* is unknown. There all mechanical inventions (as distinguished from new chemical compounds) are incidental, and the man who follows the calling of inventor as a distinct profession has no existence. With us, inventors have grown into a large class. Laboratories, as their workshops are known, have sprung up almost everywhere, and to-day there is no great manufacturing concern that has not in its employ one or more men of whom nothing is expected except the bringing out of improvements in machinery and methods.

The dominating position which the United States has taken in manufacturing is due primarily to the fact that we recognize the inventor to a greater extent than does any other country. Many reasons have been advanced by learned theorists, practical business men and experienced manufacturers to account for the tremendous prosperity which has come to this country. The credit has been ascribed to all sorts of causes, ranging from our superior political institutions to our superior soil and resources. As a matter of fact, this prosperity could not have come without the genius of the American inventor.

Marvels of Automatic Machinery

That we dominate the world in the iron and steel industry is due principally to the fact that our method of manufacturing and handling the raw material is entirely mechanical. From the time that the ore is taken out of the earth until the finished product is delivered, scarcely a human hand has been called into play except in the manipulation of levers and wheels. The American inventor has devised machinery for everything.

That America dominates in electricity and electrical appliances is due to the fact that our inventors have produced the most ingenious devices for applying a power that is still an unknown quantity.

That our crops are the greatest in the world is due to the fact that we were first in the field with a system of agricultural machinery that challenges the admiration of the world, and which, by cheapening all farm labor, enables us to control the cereal markets.

That we are the greatest nation of newspaper readers on the globe is to be attributed to the perfection of our printing presses and the ingenuity of our paper-working machinery. A spruce log is felled in the virgin forest; it is fed by machinery into the pulp-mill hoppers and comes out, at the other end of the mill, a roll of white paper several miles long. The human hand has not come in contact with the product from the time that the tree was cut down. The paper roll is swung by machinery on the web perfecting press, and comes out at the other end a magnificently printed newspaper, cut, pasted, folded. Thanks to typesetting and other machinery the cost of all this is so small that we can have this newspaper delivered at our breakfast table for one cent a copy.

And so it is in every pursuit in America. Yet with all the perfection we have reached and with all the progress that has been made we are barely on the threshold of what may be.

Encouragement Given by Our Patent Laws

But if the inventor has done all this for America, it is because America has done much for the inventor. It has been the wise policy of our Government to give him such protection as is elsewhere unknown. This is true particularly of the inventor of small improvements. The man who devises an improvement on a machine or a process already covered by patent is as fully protected and as much encouraged under our system as the original patentee. It is rarely that an invention, no matter how important, is perfect and unimprovable at the outset. Perfection comes only through practical application, and through the ideas of the men who are employed in handling the original invention. The workman at the bench who uses a tool is taught by experience that a spring here, or a ratchet there, or a lever elsewhere will materially increase the productiveness of the implement he is using, and improve the quality of the output. He works out his idea, makes a model, and then goes to the Patent Office with his application. Here he finds every encouragement. He finds that his improvement is just as fully protected and just as thoroughly his own property as is the original invention the property of the man who devised it. The Government issues a patent which gives him absolute control of the improvement. Then the workman goes to his employer and points out what he has done, and as the American manufacturer is a most progressive person he rarely fails to buy the improvement and to compensate the workman in a liberal manner. It is this process, this accumulation of small improvements, carried on day in and day out, that has brought our mechanical appliances to such great perfection.

In Europe, small improvements on a machine are practically unpatentable. The only country besides our own where there is any examination of patents, carrying with it a consequent protection to the inventor, is Germany. Yet even there it is next to impossible to obtain protection for a minor improvement. The result is natural. The workmen take no interest in their machines beyond manipulating them as they are told.

Under our system we have evolved a distinct, inventive mind. Men are born to-day in America with a genius for invention just as men are born here and elsewhere with a genius for art or letters. The laws of heredity have begun to operate in the field of invention as clearly as they have operated since the beginning of the world in other well-defined fields. As our national life continues this process will bring out an ever-increasing crop of men who create things.

The Qualities an Inventor Must Possess

There is no pursuit that is more fascinating or more promising than that of the inventor. He is privileged to dip into every calling. If he has the right sort of mind, it is not at all essential that he understand everything connected with the art in which he desires to operate; such nowadays is well-nigh impossible. He need only take that particular corner wherein the problem that he is after lies, and work it thoroughly. But thorough the work must be. He must have more than the patience of Job, more than the perseverance of the beaver, more than the industry of the bee. He must work hard, and be content to work for months at a time without making any apparent progress. He must be content to travel over the same field again and again and again, indefatigably. That is the secret of the inventor's success—never-ending application. The idea that an inventor is necessarily a genius is entirely fallacious. Genius for invention is merely the capacity for concentration and for work. Given these qualities, and a power of close observation, and you have the make-up of a successful inventor. He need be no learned scientist, and yet he may be able to work up most valuable inventions in many sciences. He need be no perfectly trained electrician, and yet he may be able to work up a valuable electrical appliance. But always he must be prepared to take advantage of new phenomena, and to know all about the field in which they lie. Many of our most important inventions are the result not so much of deep knowledge as of the power of observation and the ability to appreciate the possibilities of phenomena that the less observing would pass by without seeing.

Doctor Bell's Invention of the Telephone

The telephone is a fine illustration of this fact. When Mr. Bell finally discovered the principle that made possible the invention of the telephone, he was experimenting with the idea of perfecting a system of harmonic telegraphy. His father-in-law, Mr. Gardiner G. Hubbard, had made up his mind to fight the Western Union Telegraph monopoly. To do this he felt the need of a system by which one wire could be made to do the work of half a dozen or a dozen wires of the Western Union, so that a competing system could be built without spending the millions it would require to duplicate the old company's plant, line for line and pole for pole.

Mr. Hubbard encouraged Mr. Bell to experiment with a system of harmonic springs, keyed like piano tuning-forks. A telegraph wire was strung from one room to another, where the instruments were set up, and for months Mr. Bell and his assistant, Mr. Watson, carried on their work, reaching out slowly toward the attainment of great results. One day it happened that one of the harmonic springs over an electro-magnet at Mr. Watson's end of the line refused to respond. Somehow, it seemed caught and gave out no sound in the key in which it was tuned. Thinking to release it, he snapped it with his finger. He was just preparing to repeat the act when Mr. Bell rushed into the room and said:

"What did you do then, Watson?"

"Why, I snapped that spring with my finger. It won't work."

"That's most remarkable. I wish you would do it again."

Mr. Bell retired and Mr. Watson snapped the spring again. Mr. Bell returned to the room very much interested. He said that he had noticed that there was a physical response to Mr. Watson's act on the corresponding harmonic spring in the other room. It had jerked just as Mr. Watson's spring had been jerked. The trained mind of the inventor at once saw in this the key to a previous general conception of a speaking telephone.

"This act," he said, "was doubtless due to the electrical transmission of an undulatory current over that wire. If that is true, electrical waves produced by the voice can be sent over the wire and can be made to reproduce that voice at the other end."

Out of that incident, trivial to the unobserving mind, grew the telephone of to-day.

Observation the Soul of Invention

The invention of the constant contact telephone transmitter which made long-distance telephony possible and rendered short-distance talk clear and intelligible was the result of something of the same kind. I had for years been studying the science of electricity and the physics of sound when Mr. Bell's patent was issued in 1876, and it occurred to me at once that the knowledge I had absorbed in my studies might be very profitably applied to improving the telephone.

At that time I was engaged in commercial pursuits in Washington and my experiments and studies were more in the nature of a recreation than anything else. I paid frequent visits to the central office of the Fire Department, the electrical superintendent of which, Mr. Richardson, was a particular friend of mine. He had a dummy telegraph instrument on which he had taught me telegraphy, and on this particular evening I was working the instrument as usual, when he said:

"You don't press hard enough, Berliner."

"Does that make any difference?"

"Certainly; it makes all the difference in the world in the strength and clearness of the message at the other end. That is why women do not make good and effective operators as a rule. They are not strong enough—their touch is too light. They do not give thorough contact."

That was a revelation to me. Under Mr. Bell's invention the voice had to vibrate a diaphragm against a magnet and the volume of electricity thus produced was not sufficient to transmit sound waves sufficiently strong. That night, before I went to sleep, I had set up the movable diaphragm used in the telephone to-day, which keeps in constant contact, but with varying pressure, with the transmitting end of the telephone wire, simply pressing back and forth as the sound waves produced by the voice diminish or strengthen.

How a Queer Discovery was Made

Another case illustrating this point occurred not so many years afterward. Upon the completion of my invention of the constant contact sound transmitter, the Bell telephone people engaged my services as expert to aid in perfecting the telephone, which was still in a crude state. Mr. Blake had just invented his form of transmitter and the instrument was placed in my hands for final development. It secured a very much clearer transmission than had been possible before, but one of its troubles was that the carbon button used would rapidly wear holes at the contact. The material was so soft that it kept us busy replacing or refacing the carbon buttons. These buttons were made from the ordinary long soft carbons used in arc lights, which had only just appeared in the market. They were made by sawing the long carbons into thin circular buttons. We conducted all sorts of experiments with a view to securing a hardening of this carbon, but for a long time we failed in effecting any improvement. It was well known that the hardest carbon in the world was that which is deposited in gas retorts. This carbon deposit had always proved a serious source of trouble since the manufacture of coal gas was invented, because it has to be cleaned out from time to time, and this is a difficult job.

It occurred to me to have a little iron cage built, into which I put a lot of our soft carbon buttons. This cage I asked the gas people in Boston to put into their retort on the next occasion when they were ready for a charge. I left it there during six charges; then, when I took it out, I found my carbons all shriveled and shrunken. The intense heat had half burned them up. They were all rough, and for a little while I thought there was another failure. In a contemplative mood I began to rub one of the roughened buttons on a piece of emery paper to see what polishing might do for it. Soon I had rubbed away entirely the spongy rough surface and got down to the original button. Examining this closely, I found to my great surprise that the carbon itself was practically unchanged except that it had become tremendously hardened. A closer inspection showed that not alone had the carbon in the gas deposited itself on the surface of the buttons, but that it had also penetrated the pores of my carbon, filling them up absolutely and making the buttons as hard as any one could desire. That was in the year 1879.

By exposing to fewer gas charges we thereafter produced a carbon button that was at once hard and smooth, and to this day this process is employed. Nothing has ever been found that hardens carbon buttons for telephone use better or more economically.

A few years ago while I was experimenting with the gramophone we found that in tracing our records the sound lines were blurred by the particles of dust in the air that

settled on the fatty film. To obviate this we kept the disk constantly flooded with a spray of alcohol as the tracing proceeded. This gave us much better results, and we flattered ourselves that we had achieved all that was possible in the way of perfection, until accident revealed to us still another improvement. I had just lifted one of the disks, after the tracing was finished, and was about to put it on a shelf to dry, when some water was splashed on it. Instantly it became spotted where the water had touched it.

"That's too bad," I said to my assistant. "There is a good record spoiled."

He agreed with me, and was about to put it to one side when I said:

"Wait a moment; let us see how it will etch."

After immersing into the etching tray we found that it etched more rapidly and smoother where the water drops had washed the alcohol away, and we then traced another record and washed the alcohol off under a hydrant. When I put it in the reproducing machine we found that it gave a clearer tone than any of the other disks.

The alcohol, while it kept the settling dust washed off, had dissolved some of the fatty film, and in drying had redeposited it on the record lines. The portion of the fat dissolved was very minute, but it was sufficient to interfere somewhat with the etching process. Water alone had no value in carrying off the dust particles that were our first greatest objection, because it did not adhere to the fat of the surface to be washed, but the water mixed very readily with the alcohol afterward and carried it off instantly, so that there was no drying process, and consequently no interfering with the etching. Ever since we have used this process, first the alcohol bath, and then the water bath.

These experiences, and hundreds like them, show that there is nothing so trifling that the inventor can afford to let it pass unobserved, and that the man who does not see things and is not a close observer will never make a success as an inventor, no matter how great his scientific knowledge.

The Age Most Fruitful in Inventions

The true inventor will manifest himself pretty early in life, though it is of record, according to the late James J. Storrow, that the most prolific age of invention is about the age of twenty-five and twenty-six years. That is to say, the most original inventions in the world, and the greatest number, have come from men who were up to or about twenty-six years of age. Long before this, however, the inventive faculty will have come to the surface in those who possess it. The boy who wants to know the "why" of things, who takes things to pieces, who is not content merely to absorb the joy that comes from a mechanical toy, but wants to see the wheels go round; the boy who seeks to find out how it is that powdered alum clears water, and is not content to drink the water without question, has in him the groundwork of the inventor.

However, the faculties required of the inventor are so peculiar that it will perhaps be a difficult matter to devise a course of training to help him along, except by teaching him to observe and how to observe. The ordinary college training gives little or no help except by its laboratory work—in fact too much accepted theory is very often a hindrance to the inventor. It is the first duty of an inventor to question all things, and very often to violate and upset such fixed rules as are principally based on theoretical deductions.

In college a young man is filled with knowledge built entirely on past experience. Certain rules—scientific, physical and mechanical—are laid down for his guidance, and he is told to consider them as regulating everything and as being absolutely indispensable. Out of this sort of training comes a mind that, though on the whole it is eminently fitted for routine work, is seldom adapted to grasp new propositions. Most college graduates are in the position of the city boy whose father promised that some day he would take him into the country and show him a forest. The appointed day came and the boy and his father jogged along over mile after mile of road. Finally, the youngster said:

"Father, where is this forest you are going to show me?"

"Why," replied the old man, busy with his own thoughts, "here it is all around you. We are in the forest."

"I don't see it. I don't see anything but trees."

And so it is often with the college graduate—he cannot see the forest for the trees.

This is no reflection on college training which forms the basis of our scientific progress, but the proposition is merely put forward to show that the position of inventors is generally one distinct from that of the theoretical scientist.

The Value of Theoretical Knowledge

Some few noted inventions have been brought into the world because of the fact that the inventor possessed great theoretical knowledge. A most important one, recently, of this sort is that of Doctor Pupin, who has just perfected a system by which trans-Atlantic telephony may become feasible. Doctor Pupin's invention is purely scientific, based on exact mathematical deductions. He worked for five years, but he knew that sooner or later he must find what he was looking for.

There are a few other similar inventions, but the inventor must generally depend not upon what he knows, but on what his trained faculty of observation enables him to find out by ceaseless experimenting.

One inventor may have something that, as it stands, appears to show only a comparatively small field of usefulness, but which, worked out under given conditions, will become a gold mine. The telephone again illustrates this. None of the men who worked at this idea originally had any conception of its possibilities. For some time after the apparatus was perfected by Mr. Bell, and even after Mr. Edison, Mr. Blake and myself had made our improvements, nobody appreciated the vast possibilities of the telephone. It was declared useful only as a means of communication between two points on a private line; between a man's office and his factory, his place of business and his home.

It was only when there was applied to it the central office idea that the telephone became important and really valuable. None of the men originally concerned with the invention thought of it immediately in connection with a central office. This idea grew out of the working of what was known as the Law Telegraph Company of New York, and the credit of applying the idea undoubtedly belongs to the late Gardiner G. Hubbard and to Mr. Theodore N. Vail. Mr. Vail was General Manager of the Bell Company. Mr. Hubbard from the first was the main factor in the initial development of the scheme.

The Law Telegraph Company was an institution organized for the benefit of the lawyers of New York. There was a central office, out of which ran private lines to the offices of the lawyers who subscribed. When one lawyer wanted to communicate with another, his operator called up the central office and the latter's line was connected by the usual plug system with the line of the man he desired to telegraph to. In other words, they did exactly what is now done in the telephone central office, only using the telegraph keys and skilled operators instead of telephone transmitters and receivers. To-day there are more patents on central office appliances than on the telephone instruments proper.

Sound Advice for Young Inventors

It is very advisable that a young inventor should know something of the Patent Office practice, and if possible have a good general idea of the principles of Patent Law. Next, he should be well up in the state of the particular art, the particular corner, in which he is working. Lacking this, grievous results and disappointments will be his lot.

Then, having an idea, the young man should allow nothing to stand in the way of his working it out; of course, practicing due economy in his laboratory expenditures. As soon as his conception has assumed shape he should take into his confidence some friend upon whom he can rely. This will give him valuable protection in case his invention comes to be important and is attacked or infringed. No particular good is achieved in hurrying to the Patent Office until everything is ready. The main thing is to have the invention as perfect as possible, and to have it viewed by one or more friends who can be depended upon. When the time comes the inventor should file his application for a patent through a reputable attorney. If it is sufficiently important and he has capital to justify it, he should secure his European patents and then publish his invention broadcast to the world. Publication then is the best policy, as it gives him prestige and invites honest criticism—an important consideration.

There are few inventions that justify European patents at the outset, and few inventors at the beginning can afford this luxury. The ordinary young man who has a device which he considers useful can very well rest content with the protection given him by the United States Patent Office.

His next step, after his patent is secured, should lead him to put its value to a practical test. This can be done most effectually by placing it before men with capital. The young inventor should guard against deceiving himself as to the commercial value of his patent. It is often impossible for a man who has worked over a device to take an impartial view of the possibilities that lie in it. It is almost a fatal error for a man to try to exploit his own inventions. There are few inventors who are good managers. They have generally little business talent. Therefore an inventor should join hands almost immediately with some good business man, and he should not hesitate to give a very substantial share of his invention to the man who pushes it.

There is as much in the proper development and the commercial exploitation of an invention as there is in its production, and the man or men who undertake the business end of the enterprise are entitled to as much credit as the inventor, and often more. Many inventors come to grief through the failure to recognize this fact at the outset. But it behooves the inventor to be very careful in his dealings with business men, for capital is cold-blooded and wants all it can get. But, though cold-blooded, capital is always eager for good things, and the young man who has a promising invention need have no fear that he cannot find men with money who will back him.

Often inventions look very ingenious on paper which fail when you come to work them out practically. The thing to do, therefore, is to get in touch with people who have special use for the invention. Preference should be given to great corporations—they are the safest to deal with. They are constantly looking for improvements; they are willing to pay better and more fairly than the average private individual.

The Defects in Patent-Law Proceedings

So far as the Patent Office is concerned, the inventor may put in his plans there with perfect assurance that he will be honestly dealt with. There have been numerous charges of collusion in the Patent Office, but there is not a single case where collusion has been proved. The record of the Office is clean, notwithstanding that there have been hundreds of thousands of patent litigations.

Of course the system is not perfect: no system is. The most serious defect, however, is not in the Patent Office, but in the method or procedure in our courts in patent cases. In case of infringement, a meritorious inventor, after having fought his way through the Patent Office, has again to fight expensive law suits before he can get a preliminary injunction. I think that after the severe examination in the Patent Office, a patent claim should be *prima facie* evidence against the man who comes into the market after the patentee. The burden of proof should be on the man who hasn't the patent. And the patentee should be entitled to a preliminary injunction on reasonable proof.

At present the infringer is encouraged because it takes years before a patentee can get his patent adjudicated, and in the meantime the infringer reaps his profits and simply skips the field should the patent be proven against him.

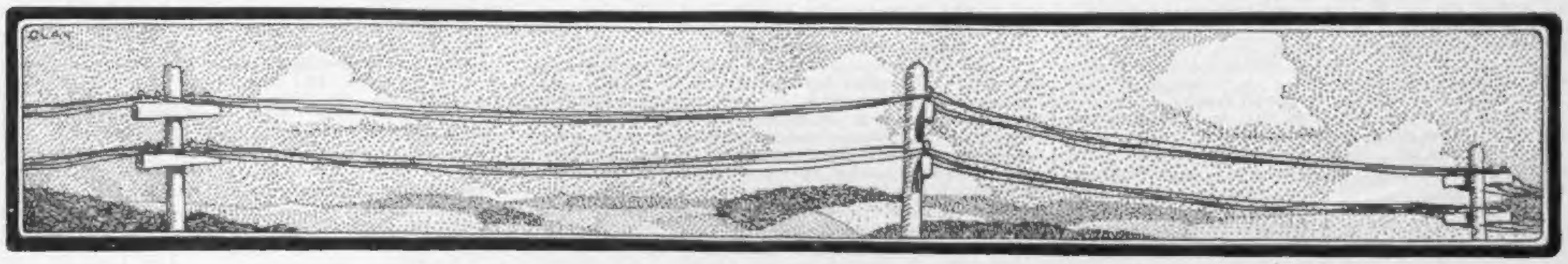
If inventors are useful adjuncts to American civilization, then the laws should rather be stretched in their favor; and because once in a while an invention is in great demand, and, under fine business management, has become a public necessity, that should be no ground for a public clamor for turning the law in favor of infringers as much as possible.

Once the public appreciates that nothing has more strongly helped this land of high wages to compete with Europe than has the encouragement given by our patent laws to inventors, they will see that their sympathy should rather be on the side of the inventor. But there are unfortunately many who would thoughtlessly kill the goose which lays the golden egg, and who consider an inventor a monopolist who should be downed on principle. Otherwise, our patent system is about as perfect as can be desired, and it is a decided blessing to the people of the United States.

Great Care Needed in Applications

There is, however, one thing that all inventors should carefully observe—that is, the drawing up of their applications for a patent. Ordinarily, this is left to some clerk in the office of the patent attorney, and often the inventor has bitter cause to rue it if he is not careful to supervise and study heedfully the wording of his application before it is sent to the Patent Office. It is not that the patent attorneys as a class are unreliable, but that they have so much to do that they frequently leave important work to assistants who are incompetent to deal with it. A recent decision of a United States Court against a telephone transmitter patent is an illustration of the danger of leaving the wording of the application entirely to patent attorneys' clerks. The inventor had filed a caveat covering his invention. He wrote the description himself and took it to the Patent Office. Instruments made from the drawing and description of this caveat did talk at the time with very imperfect receivers and they talk perfectly to-day, and the description and the claims of this caveat are concise and without a flaw. The only mistake the inventor made was that when, several months later, it came to the drawing up of the patent application, he trusted more to a patent attorney's clerk who didn't know anything about telephones (few people then did) than to his own ability to write things down, and the application when first filed was defective and needed subsequent amendments.

The Patent Office knew the circumstances and repeatedly examined them and decided invariably that he was entitled to a broad patent, but the recent decision against this patent makes no allowance for the circumstances cited, and holds the inventor down to the application as it read when first filed and as drawn by a clerk wholly ignorant of the subject. Since the application had been suspended by the Patent Office and had been fought for fourteen years on account of other claimants, it is hardly probable that other inventors would have permitted the patent to be granted if the invention had been antedated by them. This emphasizes the fact that every inventor should very carefully superintend the drawing up of his application for a patent.



The Friendship of Foster By Arthur Hobson Quinn

"John," she said slowly, "don't turn away from me like that"

FOSTER took another cigar from the box which Blair held out to him and then leaned back contentedly in his arm-chair before the open fire and smiled peacefully upon his host and hostess.

"It's very good of you both," he said, "to take compassion on a poor lone bachelor like me, and after giving me the best dinner possible let me linger around here so long, bothering you, afterward."

"You never bother us, Jack," Mrs. Blair hastened to assure him, "and besides, we're going to make use of you to-night. We—that is, Phil—would like some advice."

"Yes, Jack," Blair began, rubbing his hands nervously and yet importantly, "I've come to a point where I need the advice of a friend who is also a man of business."

"I know I'm one, and I think I'm the other," said Foster encouragingly. "Tell me your little troubles."

"Well," said Blair slowly, "I've been approached by some people with money who want me to help form a company to manufacture and sell their product."

"And make millions, I suppose. But why can't they sell their product without you, Phil?" asked Foster lightly: rather too lightly, Mrs. Blair thought, as she watched her husband's eager expression chill a little. It was one of the sorrows of her life that her husband and her best friend had never really understood one another.

"Be serious, now, Jack, and let Phil tell you about it," she said.

"I'm all attention, Mary," he replied. "I beg your pardon, Phil; go ahead."

"They are people I've done some work for," Blair continued. "I've made a few tests for them at the laboratory and saved them some money; in fact, won them a Government contract on one occasion, and they said they'd remember me. And now they've brought me this. You see, there's a plant down in Georgia, growing on some land that belongs to one of them, and they came to the conclusion that glue in paying quantities could be manufactured from it. They brought the samples to me, and I think they're right. Now they want to form a company to produce the glue and prepare it for the market, and they have offered to make me president of the proposed company and give me five thousand shares of stock."

"Quite a rich sufficiency, I should say," observed Foster. "And what are you to give them in return for all this?"

"Why, you ought to see that, Jack," interposed Mrs. Blair. "Phil is becoming recognized as an authority."

Blair coughed deprecatingly. "Oh, that's all right," he said. "They recognize that my name at the head of the company will carry weight, and they are willing to pay for it. Besides, as I said, I've done them some service."

"How much stock is to be issued?" asked Foster, rising and leaning on the mantel.

"I'm not quite sure," replied Blair. "About one hundred thousand shares, I believe."

"Par value, fifty dollars?" continued Foster.

"Yes, I think so. Wasn't it fifty dollars, Mary, that Goodman said the other evening?"

"Fifty dollars, yes, Phil," Mrs. Blair assented. "And he said it was 'full-paid, non-assessable.' What does that mean, Jack?"

"It usually means that ten dollars has been paid on some of the shares and nothing on the rest," explained Foster. "Will the stock be listed, Phil?"

"I don't know anything about those matters," said Blair rather hastily. "I'm not interested in the scheme as a stock-gambling speculation. I wish to go into it as a legitimate enterprise. I feel that I've been too much of a theoretical chemist hitherto, and this seems like an opportunity to gain some practical experience which may be of value to me in my teaching at the University."

Foster restrained the smile which had almost curved his lips as he stood looking down upon his friends. He glanced for a moment at Blair's sensitive, intellectual countenance, flushed with the importance of his recent communication, and then at his wife, in whose face were reflected all her husband's emotions, brightened by a beauty to which some well-meaning friends still attributed Foster's persistent bachelorhood.

"And you want my honest opinion?" he asked finally.

"Yes," said Mrs. Blair anxiously. "Tell us what you really think about it."

"Well," Foster said slowly, "my advice to you, Phil, is to keep out of it."

"Why do you say that?" demanded Blair, who, having really asked for encouragement, was correspondingly nettled at receiving advice instead.

"It may not be pleasant to hear it or soothing to your vanity to think about it, Phil," said Foster, "but it's my opinion the crowd are trying to work you. They want your name and scientific reputation to help them start the thing, and then when they get the stock on the market they'll sell out, take their profit, and leave you in the lurch."

"I can't believe you, I'm sure," replied Blair positively. "From what I know of the men who are concerned in the matter, and I fancy I'm a pretty good judge of character, such villainy on their part would be inconceivable. Is that the only objection you have to the scheme?"

"It's not my only objection," Foster replied, looking thoughtfully at the end of his cigar, "but it's the only one I care to urge just now. If you decide to go into it, get Taylor or some one else you can trust to look over the agreements. I must be moving on now, and as I probably won't see you two again before you sail, I'll wish you both a pleasant summer on the other side and a safe return. Good-night."

Upon opening his paper one morning during the next week Foster saw the conspicuous advertisement of the "Gulf State Glue Company" adorning the centre of the financial page. Among other announcements was the following:

"In speaking of our project, Professor Philip H. Blair, Ph. D., unreservedly says: 'In my opinion, the company has a great future before it. It is successfully accomplishing the noteworthy feat of turning an apparently useless product into an article useful in both arts and manufactures.'"

"Sounds something like Phil," thought Foster; and during the weeks that followed he watched for the stock to be put upon the market and saw, somewhat to his surprise, that it was selling at about twenty dollars a share. As fall approached, however, his own affairs, which were not prospering any too well, kept him from thinking seriously of "Gulf State Glue," and it was brought to his mind only when he received a note from Mrs. Blair which told him they had returned and named a time when he might find them at home.

As he took off his coat in their hall on the evening she had suggested he heard their voices mingled in earnest discussion, and when he entered the sitting-room it became apparent to him at once that the atmosphere was a bit tense. So much so did this impress him that although they both greeted him most heartily, he felt called upon to ask if he had interrupted the discussion of some important family secret, and offered to go outside and walk around the block a few times while they resumed it.

"Not at all, Jack," Mrs. Blair hastened to say. "Rather curiously, we've been discussing the same subject we were upon the last time we saw you. Phil isn't quite satisfied with the way things are going in the 'Gulf State Glue Company,' and we were trying to decide whether he should resign from the presidency."

Foster looked inquiringly at Blair.

"Yes," the latter said, "I've not been at all pleased with the condition in which I find affairs on my return. Mr. Copeland, the vice-president, has been managing the company in my absence, and so far as I can make out, there has been little or no effort made actually to manufacture the glue, but the directors have spent their time principally in operations on the stock market, the nature of which I do not fully comprehend, but which seem to me hardly legitimate. I feel that I cannot afford to be connected with any enterprise unless it is strictly aboveboard, leaving aside the possibility of the company breaking up and bringing me into public disgrace."

"Of course," Foster began, "you know what my advice would be. Why don't you send in your resignation?"

"Well," Blair began in a hesitating way, "it's not such a simple matter as all that. If I resigned I should not be content with simply severing my connection with the company; I should wish to have it announced publicly—just as publicly as my connection with the scheme was advertised in the summer. I should wish, for example, to have notices and articles to the effect published in the principal newspapers for some days. This would be quite expensive, and besides——"

"You'd better tell Jack everything," said Mrs. Blair. "Perhaps he can suggest some way of raising the money."

"Not to bother you too much with details," continued Blair, "it became necessary, last summer, to borrow some funds. Our trip on the other side was proving more expensive than we had expected and there were other matters pressing which I had neglected to provide for. Mr. Copeland was very kind and loaned me three thousand dollars on my note, which will fall due in a short time. Now I feel that as he is deeply interested in the success of the company it would not be wise to take any steps which will injure it unless I can repay him at the same time."

Foster took a long breath and then gazed intently at nothing for a few minutes.

"Well, what do you think of it, Jack?" asked Mrs. Blair.

"That's just what I'm doing, Mary," he replied. "It's a matter for very careful thought, I assure you. I only wish my own bank account covered the sum, and then we could settle the matter in a minute. If I were in your place, Phil, I'd sell the five thousand shares you were given."

"No, no, I can't do that," said Blair quickly. "I shouldn't be thinking of resigning at all if I felt the company were doing a legitimate business. There doesn't seem to be enough profit in the sale of the glue to induce them to manufacture much of it, and I'd feel, if I sold my stock, that I'd be taking advantage of the unfortunate people who bought it. As a matter of fact, I've given it long ago to Mary, though of course that wouldn't make any difference."

"I should think not," Mrs. Blair interposed. "But I agree with Phil, Jack, that we couldn't make use of the shares in that way."

"Well, it's my opinion you're too Quixotic for this century," said Foster, "but if you feel that way, I don't want to urge you to do it. I think I can get you the money, anyway, Phil, but I want you to promise me you won't make your resignation public or take any other steps in the matter till you hear from me."

"Why, of course not," responded Blair. "It will not be possible for me to resign unless I can repay Mr. Copeland, and I'm not likely to take any other steps in the matter. And it's very good of you, Jack, very good, indeed, to come to my help this way. I'm sure I don't know whom else I should have turned to."

"Oh, that's all right," said Foster. "You leave it to me and I think I can get you the money in two or three days."

When he arose to go, some time later, Mrs. Blair followed him into the hall.

"I don't need to thank you, Jack," she began with a suspicious brightness in her eyes. "I knew you'd help us, for you've never once failed me. But isn't there anything I can do? You see," she added with a nervous little smile, "I don't want you to have all the credit."

"Why, yes," answered Foster. "Keep him from saying anything about the company for the next two days. It's very important, for the success of my scheme, that he doesn't let any one suspect that he's going to resign. Phil is such an absent-minded genius that he's just as likely as not to tell the whole thing to one of his classes at college to-morrow. So if you succeed in keeping him quiet you'll be doing your share." And then he added as he shook hands with her: "And we'll save him together, you and I."

As he walked home Foster matured his scheme for securing the necessary sum. He had not confided it to Blair or his wife because he had felt some doubt of their approval, but yet to him it seemed very right and proper. He would sell short the next day five thousand shares of "Gulf State Glue," at twenty dollars a share, his broker borrowing the stock for him. Then Blair would announce his withdrawal from the presidency, on account of his dissatisfaction with the company, and the stock would fall. Foster would then buy five thousand shares at nineteen dollars, or lower, deliver them to his broker, and the profit on the transaction would more than repay Blair's debt to Copeland.

The next morning Foster sent an order to a broker with whom he had had dealings to sell five thousand shares of "Gulf State Glue" at twenty dollars, or better, and an hour before the stock market closed he received a telephone message to the effect that one thousand shares had been sold at his figure, but that the market for "Gulf State" was heavy. This was only what Foster had expected, and he was therefore surprised to find in his mail the next morning an envelope bearing the name of his broker's firm. He opened it and saw the regulation form, reading as follows:

MR. J. M. FOSTER:

Dear Sir: We have this day sold for your account and risk
1000 shares Gulf State Glue..... ....at 20
4000 " " " .....at 21

Yours respectfully, JORDAN & Co., *per A.*

And below was written:

Rising market for G. S. Glue. Can you deliver stock certificate at once? A.

Foster's hand trembled a little as he lifted the telephone receiver to his ear.

"Is that you, Armstrong?" he said.

"Yes; who's that?"

"Foster. How's 'Gulf State Glue' this morning?"

"Booming. Last sale twenty-six and seven-eighths. Got our notification, I suppose?"

"Yes. I can't deliver the stock now. Hold on to it, though; it's bound to take a big drop in a day or two. I've got certain information from the inside. What's caused the rise?"

"There's a rumor of a big discovery by the president. It came out yesterday after I 'phoned you and the stock jumped a point on it at once."

"Well, you hold on till I let you know. I'm good for it, anyway, of course."

"That's all right, Mr. Foster, but I wish you'd let us have something definite soon. It's likely to go higher."

"All right. I'll let you know by two o'clock. Good-by."

In five minutes Foster was on his way to the University. It was a pleasant ride, through the best part of town, but he saw nothing of streets or people. He could hardly endure the suspense which must be his till he had seen Blair and found out the reason for the rise of "Gulf State Glue," when it was so important, not only for the success of his scheme, but for his own financial safety, that it should fall. That it would fall, eventually, he never allowed himself to doubt. It was a question of only a few hours, he told himself again and again during that endless ride.

Blair must announce his resignation at once, and rumors, no matter how flattering, would be of little worth in comparison with the public announcement of the withdrawal of the president of the company on account of his disapproval of the methods of the directors.

When he finally reached the Chemical Laboratory he was told that Doctor Blair was engaged with the head of the department, but would see him in a few minutes, so that Foster had time to become more restless and impatient before Blair came hurrying in, a pile of papers in one hand and a test-tube in the other.

"I'm very glad to see you, Jack," he said. "I was just about to write to you not to trouble yourself about getting that sum for me, for I'm not going to resign, after all."

"Not going to resign?" Foster cried. "Oh, but you must, Phil, you must—that is"—recovering himself a little—"I thought that was settled, you know."

"Yes, but there's no longer any necessity for it," Blair continued. "My only reason for resigning lay in the fact that the directors were not carrying out the idea with which the company was formed, but were gambling on the stock market, of which I thoroughly disapprove. Now, after you left us the other night I spent a considerable time in thinking over some way in which I might remain in the company and still retain my self-respect, and the only possible chance seemed to lie in making the actual product so valuable that the directors would be led to devote their time to more legitimate business. Filled with this idea, I worked quite late that night and all day yesterday, and I am now in a position to state positively that I have made a most important discovery. The by-product—the material we were accustomed to throw away as of no use—contains elements which, if properly worked up, will give a dyestuff of great value."

He paused to note the effect of his disclosure upon Foster, but the latter had hardly heard him through.

"Have you told this to any one?" Foster demanded, almost fiercely.

"Why, yes, I mentioned it to Mr. Copeland yesterday when he came in."

"But you promised that you'd say nothing about the company or its affairs to any one till you heard from me. And now this is all over the city."

"Why, yes, I remember saying something of the kind," Blair admitted, "but I thought this could have no effect upon you."

"Well, it's about ruined me," said Foster bitterly. "I stood to lose $30,000 when I left my office, and Heaven knows what the stock is now."

"The stock?" repeated Blair, puzzled. "What has the stock to do with it?"

"I'll explain," said Foster hopelessly. "I wanted to get the money you needed, so I sold five thousand shares of 'Gulf State Glue' short, expecting, of course, that it would drop when you resigned. Even if it had gone down only three-quarters of a point I could have cleared enough. And now you've let this thing out and the stock is going up like a rocket, and every point it goes up means a loss of five thousand dollars to me."

There was a tone of reproach in his voice which nettled Blair.

"But you didn't have any shares in the company, Jack," he said.

"Of course I didn't," Foster replied. "Don't you understand? I should have bought them when it fell."

"But that was gambling, pure and simple," Blair said quickly. "And that was the way you were to save us! It would have been better, Foster, if you had told us before you sold what didn't belong to you. I could never have taken money that had been made in that way."

Foster looked at him in angry surprise. "Why, there's nothing wrong in that," he said; "it's done every day. It would have been all right if I'd won, and you'd never have known where the money came from. But it's too late to talk about the ethics of it now. It's done, and I'm done, too, I guess," he added with a hard laugh.

"I'm sure I'm very sorry for you," said Blair, "but what can I do?"

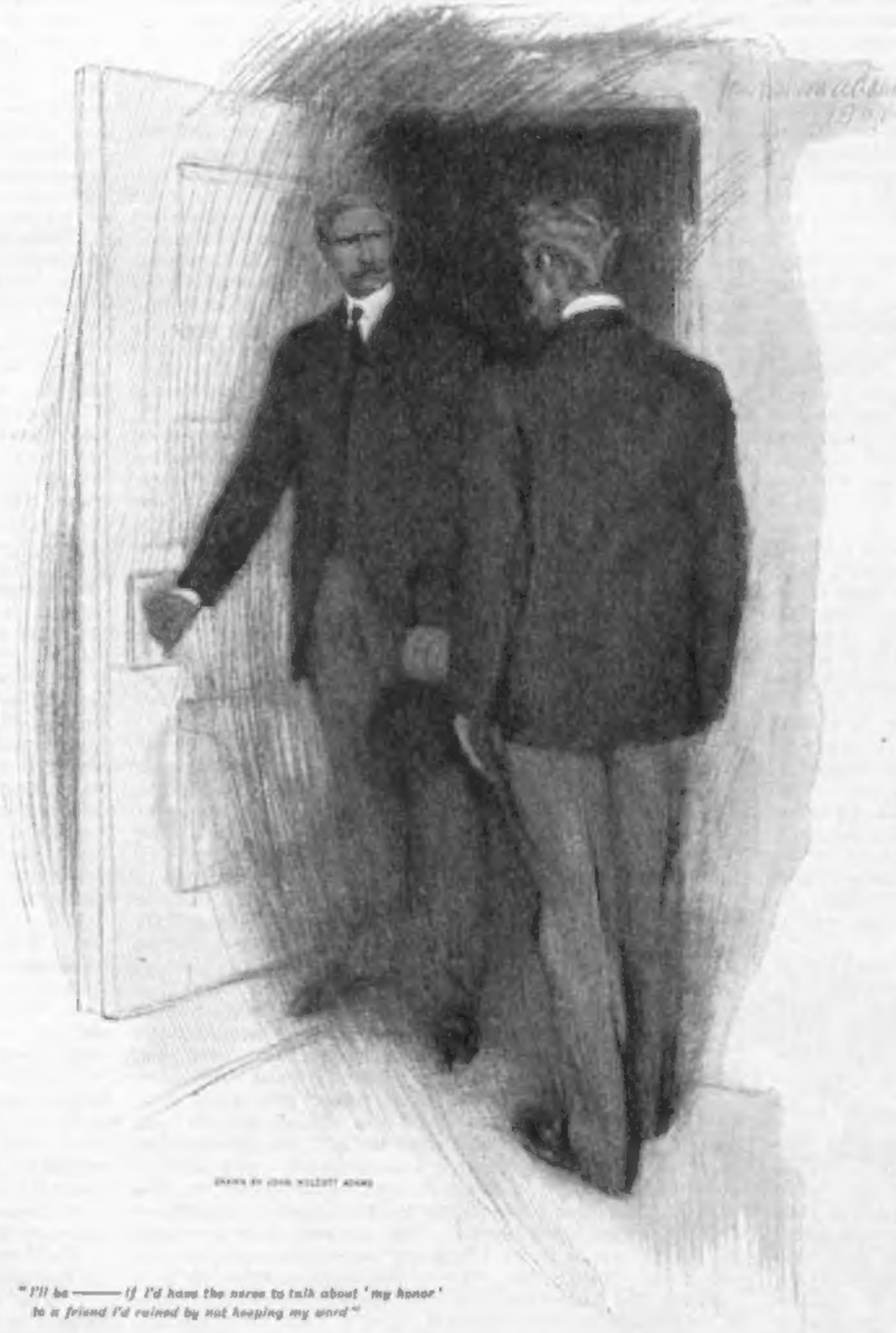
"Couldn't you resign now, and then, after the stock had dropped, withdraw your resignation?" asked Foster desperately. "Or couldn't you deny the rumor of the discovery for a day or two?"

In Blair's nervous, excited condition these questions, which Foster had thrown off wildly, broke the control under which he had kept his temper, and the sense that it was his premature announcement which had been the immediate cause of the trouble made him only the more emphatic in his repudiation of these methods of escape.

"I'm afraid you don't understand me very well, Foster," he said icily, "or you would never have suggested either of those courses. I will not tell or act a lie even to save you. It may be all right in trade to deceive others, but in my profession, at least, honor has some place. You have gone into this affair without consulting me, and you were making me an unconscious partner to a gambling scheme. I cannot hold myself responsible for any part of the result."

Foster grasped his hat and then turned for a moment before he opened the door.

"Maybe I'm not quite up to your standards, Blair; at least I'll confess I don't understand them. You talk about your professional honor—do you think there is no business honor, too? Do you think it means nothing to me that the house of Foster & Sons, which has stood for fifty years, must shut its doors to-morrow? It's a small place, perhaps, and it won't make much of a crash, but there are some that its fall means much to. I don't want your help now, or anything else that's yours, but I'll tell you that even if I'm not up to your code, I'll be ——— if I'd have the nerve to talk about 'my honor' to a friend I'd ruined by not keeping my word."



"I'll be ——— if I'd have the nerve to talk about 'my honor' to a friend I'd ruined by not keeping my word"

The two men stood facing each other for an instant, and then Foster regained control of himself and strode quickly out of the building. It was nearly one o'clock when he reached his office again, and he found there a message to the effect that "Gulf State Glue" had gone to twenty-nine and five-eighths at twelve o'clock, and was still rising. He sat down at his desk, leaned his head on his hands and tried to realize what had happened to him and what he was to do. If he bought the stock now it would mean that he must sell his mill and everything else he had, and begin life again with the memory and the reputation of disgraceful failure to keep him down. He knew, too, that every minute he sat idly there was adding to his loss, and yet he could not bring himself to the final step which would make his ruin real. So he sat, dimly hoping for something, anything, to happen, too tired to plan, too heartsick even to hope. And then gradually he became aware that some one was standing at the office door, and he lifted his head and looked wonderingly at Mary Blair.

"John," she said softly. "John!"

The words came to Foster like a breath from his childhood, and for a moment he seemed back in those days before care and sorrow had come to him. It was the name by which his mother had always called him, and now that she was gone he never heard it except from Mary, and only rarely even from her. As he arose she came quickly toward him and held out a paper.

"You poor boy," she said, "how worried you must have been. But it's all right now; here are the shares, and you can use them any way you want to."

He looked at the paper dumbly for a moment and then smiled.

"But I can't take that, you know, Mary," he said. "It was very, very good of you to come, though. Won't you sit down?"

She drew the offered chair closer to him. "Why won't you take them?" she asked.

"Have you seen Phil?" he replied.

"Why, yes, of course. Phil is perfectly willing. When he came home at noon he told me all about it and we felt that he'd been—that you mustn't suffer for your goodness to us. So I came here just as fast as I could."

"I didn't mean to ask whether Phil was willing," Foster continued. "I don't care whether he is or not. I can't take anything from him after what he said to me—and what I said to him."

"But the shares are mine, not Phil's," she explained. "I have a perfect right to give them to you if I want to."

He only shook his head, turned his face away slightly and looked at the clock, which had just struck half-past one. Then she leaned over toward him and laid her hand on his arm.

"John," she said slowly, "don't turn away from me like that. Remember that we've always known each other; that out of all our childhood's friends you and I have only each other left. In all these years there's not been a great joy or a great sorrow that we haven't shared. Surely that gives us some rights that the others, the outsiders, can't have."

Foster did not reply, but there was something in his face which encouraged her to go on, and she let her fingers glide down his arm till they closed over his hand.

"You took that right once, John," she said; "that time when I was so wretched and unhappy and you guessed it and made me tell you why. And then you found him and brought him back to me. You know you made me promise then that if ever I needed help again I would come to you first. I want your help now, John, to save my oldest friend from ruin, and myself from a regret that would last all my life. After all you've done for me you'll not refuse me now?"

Foster bent for a moment over the hand that lay on his and then lifted the certificate from the table.

"I'll take it, Mary, from you," he said. "Sometime, perhaps, I'll be able to thank you." And then as he turned the certificate over he exclaimed: "But this is in Phil's name still, and he hasn't signed the transfer. I thought he had given the shares to you?"

"So he did," Mary replied. "We thought he didn't have to do anything except give me the paper. But that's easily fixed. Wait a moment."

She ran to the door, opened it and called out, "You can come in now, Phil." And Blair walked in with an air of nervous cordiality.

"It's all right now, Phil," said Mary. "You have to sign something, but first you two must shake hands and be good children again."

"I'm afraid I lost my temper, Jack," said Blair smiling. "I'm very sorry; it must have been the chlorine fumes from the next room that affected me."

"And I know I lost mine," answered Foster. "Let's both put it down to the chlorine." And then as Blair took up the pen, he added: "Are you quite sure you know what you're doing, Phil? It's almost a fortune you're losing by not holding on to that stock."

"Oh, yes," Blair replied; "I'm not well acquainted with the stock market, but I know that when I sell 5000 shares at twenty dollars a share I'm making a pretty fair fortune. And there's more to come. The company has a great future before it, and as its president I have no hesitation in saying——"

"Never mind about the company," interrupted his wife, beaming upon them both, "for I'm very hungry. Send these shares to your broker, Jack, and then get your hat, for you're coming home with us to luncheon."

A Franco-American Count

By Vance Thompson

A FEW years ago I went up into Monroe County, Pennsylvania, for the opening of the trout fishing. After whipping an icy little stream, the Tunkhannock, from dawn until late morning, I went back to the quiet inn and warmed my legs at a wood fire, waiting for the trout—he was fourteen ounces—to be cooked. Breakfast over, I got astride a horse and rode him down the mountain. There were four miles of corduroy road, the logs slimy with melted snow and rotted, here and there, into trap-holes. On either side of us and as far as eye could reach, the horse and I saw a wilderness of dead trees. Down the mountain wasted and blackened tree-stems, naked and branchless, marched in lean files.

It was a blasted woodland, a forest of the dead.

The Greek Temple in the Backwoods

At last we came upon a little village, low-lying in a fold of the hills. There were perhaps a hundred houses there, all falling into ruin. Among them loomed a huge wooden temple, with Greek pillars and a tawdry frieze. The temple, too, was rotting into decay. Beyond was a tannery, but no one worked there. At the one shop in the village I bought some gingerbread and fed it to my horse. He was grateful, and so was the old woman of the shop when I sat on the doorsteps and told her the gossip of the world. Then by way of return she told me the story of her village.

Now she was a very old woman, but of the birth, life and death of the village she had forgotten no detail. She told me how the old tanner lived there quite at ease, working with his men, gaining his honest livelihood. One day there came to the tannery a ragged young man with ideas. He was hungry and thin and small, of little use in that place of rough work, but the old tanner made him a position as bookkeeper. He had never had a bookkeeper before and it seemed to him he was getting on in the world. He was.

The young bookkeeper showed him how he had mismanaged his affairs, how he might enlarge his tannery, buy his hides wholesale from Wilkes-Barre and greater centres of trade, and, in a few months, make a great fortune. The young bookkeeper became a partner. He bought the hides by the carload; he brought in hundreds of laborers; he built a magnificent Greek temple out of boards and called it the town-hall; it seemed old-fashioned to him that men should cut a tree down and strip it of its bark, so for miles about he girdled every tree in the forest. What a tannery that was to be!—the Gargantua of tanneries!

In a year failure came, and young Jason, the bookkeeper, slipped away. The old tanner was left alone with his ruin and the ruined village, the crumbling temple and the leagues of blasted woodland.

In later days Jason, the young bookkeeper, was better known as Jay Gould. This forest tannery was his first great undertaking.

The Pink Palace of the De Castellanes

"I wonder what took me back to that tawdry, wooden temple," said I. "It is a far cry to Monroe County."

I was standing in front of a pink marble palace, a very wonderful palace, quite the most wonderful new palace in France, and, you may take my word for it, in all the world. Even my cabman, who is an old man and *blasé*—indeed he frankly admitted that wind and weather had blown all the sentiment out of him—looked up at the massive façade and whistled; distinctly he was impressed. When he saw me summon a gilded flunkey, when he saw me pass the great carved gates, I could feel that he did not look upon me as a mere chance passenger. A little of the glory which shone upon me from the gilded flunkey had fallen upon him. Even the old cab-horse glanced around at his master, as one who should say, boasting a bit: "I, too, may have dwelt in marble stalls—what d'you know about it?"

The pink marble palace stands in a blunt triangle of ground, the apex of which is on the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne; the façade looks down on the Avenue de Malakoff; to the rear runs the Rue Duret. With its two great wings, its court and terraces, it is a more glorious copy of the Trianon at Versailles. I shall not tell you of its magnificence, its marvelous decorations, its pictures and historic trophies, for this pink palace is merely one of the stage-sets for our story. Only, for a moment, we shall drive through the Rue Duret, that you may catch a glimpse of broken window-panes, gaunt stables, naked rooms, the wreck of plaster and rubbish—for the pink marble palace is not finished, and they who built it may never be able to make it theirs.

As we drove away the cabman kept glancing back over his shoulder at the enormous pink palace.

"And whose palace is it, *mon bourgeois?*" he asked at last.

"Monsieur le Comte Boniface de Castellane," said I; "he married a very rich American girl, Miss Anna Gould."

"It's the finest house I ever saw," said the *cocher*, looking back. "Name of a zebra! I never saw anything like it."

"I've seen something very much like it," I replied, "but that wouldn't interest you—drive on!"

Really it wouldn't interest him; what possible connection could he see between the pink palace—gaping there unfinished, with broken window-panes and heaps of mouldy plaster on the floors—and the tawdry wooden temple, windowless, too, and rotting, in that lonely, far-away valley in Pennsylvania?

And yet you and I, being thoughtful and deep-minded, see that these two buildings are complementary. The pink marble palace in Paris has its foundations over in Monroe County, some four miles from Stauffer's Station.

The Happiness of Marrying a Nobleman

In spite of all the popular prejudice, the American girl who marries a foreign nobleman is usually happy. She has gained a well-bred husband, a courtly place in the world, a title. (A title is a good thing; so sound a democrat am I that I wish all of us—gasfitters, street-cleaners and dog-clippers—were Dukes; even as it is, the women have every title to our affection.) Every one in Parisian society will tell you that the Comtesse de Castellane is a happy woman, very proud of her handsome husband and her two fine boys. All this is neither your affair nor mine; we have no business prying into the one habitable wing of the pink palace.

But the Comte de Castellane is a public man, a member of the French Parliament, an active statesman, one who plays a conspicuous part on the stage of life. Him we have a right to know. Think of the printer's ink that has been spent upon that man! There isn't an editor on the rim of New Zealand who has not "had his shot at Boni." It is a habit, like writing up the sea-serpent.

I think they do not always distinguish the circumstance from the individual—the rôle from the player. When little Willie falls down stairs it is but reasonable to inspect the stairs before spanking the kid.

A Duel in Which Tables Were Turned

When, in 1895, the Comte de Castellane married Anna Gould from her brother's house in Fifth Avenue, the rice was mixed with pebbles. Faith! how the yellow journals threw gravel at him. He was a Count. That in itself was humorous. He had married money. That was droller still. Then he spent his wife's money, bought pictures and furniture—was plucked by all the hawks of the four capitals, as pigeons have ever been. The yellow journals, as is their wont, sympathized with—the deplumed pigeon? Oh, no; they were sorry for the hawks, which is, as Thackeray pointed out, the rule in such cases. Lastly, his politics are objectionable; he is a patriot whose patriotism is a trifle exalted—there is a little of Teddy's swing and dash to it.

It is an old truth that patriotism should be kept for home consumption; but as yet it is no great crime to love one's own country.

This is the indictment against "Boni;" I fear he would have to plead guilty to every count.

We were at the Automobile Club the other night. It was not long after the Castellane-De Rodays duel. You remember that affair? De Castellane had tired of the mud and pebbles thrown by certain antagonistic journalists; one of them he persuaded rather roughly to meet him at the Park des Princes. The duel was with pistols and Castellane brought down his man. Of course dueling is all wrong; it is fatally absurd; but it is no more wrong, no more absurd than the international duels called war, and, in spite of reason, a hint of heroism clings round it still.

Now, that night at the Automobile Club—pardon me; we are coming to the story—I heard about Castellane's first duel. He had just come from school. Lad as he was, he could ride, shoot and handle a sword; but he was still too young, very bashful, rather green. At the club to which he had just been admitted some of the men, whom life had made cynical, began to guy him. It was easy to stir up his anger, for they chattered scandal about a woman he knew. He pulled over the table and struck one of the men. The next day he received a challenge. In all good faith he selected two clubmen as his seconds. In all this the club fellows saw only a joke, and when the arrangements were hurried on and the two opponents stood face to face in a meadow near the Seine, the pistols were loaded—with blackened breadcrumbs.

"One—two—three!" they fired together; the clubman gave a great cry and fell to the ground, groaning.

"He's fatally wounded—dying," the seconds exclaimed, choking their laughter.

De Castellane felt the heart in him sway like water; he had killed a man—it was not possible!

"Dead?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes," said the corpse, and sat up grinning.

The schoolboy looked at the laughing clubmen and saw the joke they had played on him. He stooped and caught the "corpse" by the ankle, dragged it a bit, and, with a sudden jerk, tossed it ten feet into the river.

"Then I'll bury it," said he.

As the clubman crawled from the river, dripping mud and water, they decided the joke was on him.

Vernet's Revenge on Rothschild

THE most fashionable painter of the hour sends to the Salon this year an Algerian subject. In the foreground there is a bright and rhythmic girl, dancing. The model who posed for this figure was once an American girl, but she tired of that simple mode of life and exchanged her millions for a title. This method of cheating oblivion and going gayly down to posterity is not of course excessively new. Doubtless it cost her a pretty penny to tempt the artist to this indiscretion. Years from now, when the picture has found its way into the Louvre, can you not imagine her little titled grandchildren staring at that lyric and romping figure and asking each other: "Was that really grandmamma?—Oh!" And their small minds will curdle with wonder.

You see these petty secrets of the studios never quite die out. If the guide-books forget them, the guides pass them on from generation to generation. For instance, just the other day——

Dr. William J. O'Sullivan, of New York, who is an expert on law and medicine, hog-cholera and Tammany, was here; with my usual amiability I took him sightseeing. We were in the north wing of the palace of Versailles, staring at that hugest of Horace Vernet's pictures: The Taking of the Smalah of Abd-el-Kader. The Duc d'Aumale and his cavalry have captured the Arab camp, court, harem and treasury. It is a famous rout—a famous picture crowded with historical portraits.

As Doctor O'Sullivan and I stood there an old guide came up to us and related one of those studio secrets that will not die.

The first Baron de Rothschild wanted his portrait painted by Horace Vernet.

"What will you charge for a full-length portrait?" he asked.

"Thirty thousand francs," Vernet replied.

"It's a monstrous price," said the baron, "I'll give you three thousand."

"We won't bargain," the painter said, "I'll paint it for nothing—the honor of painting you is ample payment."

Vernet kept his word, and when his famous battle-piece was exhibited, there, sure enough, was the great Baron de Rothschild in the very foreground.

He was near the Duc d'Aumale, too. Dressed in a greasy gabardine, his arms filled with money-bags, he was running away.

What would the dozen or more great barons, his sons and descendants, pay now to blot out that immortality? A prettier penny than the vengeful painter asked, I warrant. And the titled lady who will dance out at you from a notable picture in the Salon may some time be of the same opinion.

Time, as the other said, turns the old days to derision.

CALUMET "K"—A Romance of the Great Wheat Corner

By Merwin-Webster

Authors of The Short Line War

Copyright, 1902, by The Curtis Publishing Company

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—After weeks of costly delay, Bannon, foreman for MacBride & Company, of Minneapolis, has been sent to supersede Peterson and rush the work on Calumet K, an unfinished grain elevator on the outskirts of Chicago. Enormous loss can be prevented only by the completion of the elevator before January 1, for the sole aim in building it is to enable Page & Company to deliver the two million bushels of December wheat with which they are planning to break the threatened corner. The time is already short and the work has fallen far behind—partly through the incompetence of Peterson, and partly through a conspiracy of the G. & M. Railroad officials, who are in sympathy with the "bulls," and have furthered their interests by holding back a heavy shipment of lumber which is to be used in the construction of the elevator. The indefatigable Bannon has already brought order out of chaos; he has got enough lumber for immediate use by hauling it 'cross country to the lake; he has unmasked the railroad officials and brought them to terms; he has pacified the walking delegate, put night shifts at work, engaged a stenographer in the person of Hilda Vogel, and got the work in good running order.

SIXTH CHAPTER

WHEN Bannon came on the job on Friday morning at seven o'clock a group of heavy-eyed men were falling into line at the timekeeper's window. Max was in the office, passing out the checks. His sister was continuing her work of the night before, going over what books and papers were to be found in the desk. Bannon hung up his overcoat and looked through the doorway at the square mass of the elevator, that stood out against the sky like some gigantic, unroofed barn. The walls rose nearly eighty feet from the ground—though the length and breadth of the structure made them appear lower—so close to the tops of the posts that were to support the cupola frame that Bannon's eyes spoke of satisfaction. He meant to hide those posts behind the rising walls of cribbing before the day should be gone. He glanced about at the piles of two-inch plank that hid the annex foundation work. There it lay, two hundred thousand feet of it—not very much, to be sure, but enough to keep the men busy for the present, and enough, too, to give a start to the annex bins and walls.

Peterson was approaching and Bannon called:

"How many laborers have you got, Pete?"

"Hardly any. Max, there, can tell."

Max, who had just passed out his last check, now joined them at the doorstep.

"There's just sixty-two that came for checks," he said, "not counting the carpenters."

"About what I expected," Bannon replied. "This night business lays them out." He put his head in at the door. "You'd better give checks to any new men that we send to the window, Miss Vogel; but keep the names of the old men, and if they show up in the morning take them back on the job. Now, boys"—to Peterson and Max—"pick up the men you see hanging around and send them over. I'll be at the office for a while. We'll push the cribbing on the main house and start right in on the annex bins."

The two went at once. The hoisting engines were impatiently blowing off steam. New men were appearing every moment, delaying only to answer a few brisk questions and to give their names to Miss Vogel, and then hurrying away to the tool house, each with his brass check fastened to his coat. When Bannon was at last ready to enter the office he paused again to look over the ground. The engines were now puffing steadily, and the rapping of many hammers came through the crisp air. Gangs of laborers were swarming over the lumber piles, pitching down the planks, and other gangs were carrying them away and piling them on "dollies," to be pushed along the plank runways to the hoist. There was a black fringe of heads between the posts on the top of the elevator, where the carpenters were spiking down the last planks of the walls and bins.

Miss Vogel was at work on the ledger when Bannon entered the office. He pushed his hat back on his head and came up beside her.

"How's it coming out?" he asked. "Do we know how much we're good for?"

She looked up, smiling.

"I think so. I'm nearly through. It's a little mixed in some places, but I think everything has been entered."

"Can you drop it long enough to take a letter or so?"

"Oh, yes." She reached for her notebook, saying, with a nod toward the table, "The mail is here."

Bannon went rapidly through the heap of letters and bills.

"There's nothing much," he said. "You needn't wait for me to open it after this. You'll want to read everything to keep posted. These bills for cribbing go to your brother, you know." There was one chair within the inclosure; he brought it forward and sat down, tipping back against the railing. "Well, I guess we may as well go ahead and tell the firm that we're still moving around and drawing our salaries. 'To MacBride & Company, Minneapolis, Gentlemen: Cribbing is now going up on elevator and annex. A little over two feet remains to be done on the elevator beneath the distributing floor. The timber is ready for framing the cupola. Two hundred thousand feet of the Ledyard cribbing reached here by steamer last night, and the balance will be down in a few days. Very truly yours, MacBride & Company.' That will do for them. Now we'll write to Mr. Brown—no, you needn't bother, though; I'll do that one myself. You might run off the other and I'll sign it." He got up and moved his chair to the table. "I don't generally seem able to say just what I want to Brown unless I write it out." His letter ran:

> *Dear Mr. Brown:* We've finally got things going. Had to stir them up a little at Ledyard. Can you tell me who it is that's got hold of our coat-tails on this job? There's somebody trying to hold us back, all right. Had a little fuss with a red-headed walking delegate last night, but fixed him. That hat hasn't come yet. Shall I call up the express company and see what's the matter? 7⅛ is my size.
>
> Yours, BANNON.

He had folded the letter and addressed the envelope, when he paused and looked around. The typewritten letter to MacBride & Company lay at his elbow. He signed it before he spoke.

"Miss Vogel, have you come across any letters or papers about an agreement with the C. & S. C.?"

"No," she replied, "there is nothing here about the railroad."

Bannon drummed on the table; then he went to the door and called to a laborer who was leaving the tool house:

"Find Mr. Peterson, and ask him if he will please come to the office for a moment."

He came slowly back and sat on the corner of the table, watching Miss Vogel as her pencil moved rapidly up column after column.

"Had quite a time up there in Michigan," he said. "Those G. & M. people were after us in earnest. If they'd had their way we'd never have got the cribbing down here. You see, they had told Sloan—he's the man that owns the lumber company and the city of Ledyard and pretty much all of the Lower Peninsula—that they hadn't any cars; and he'd just swallowed it down and folded up his napkin. I hadn't got to Ledyard before I saw a string of empties on a siding that weren't doing a thing but wait for our cribbing, so I caught a train to Blake City and gave the division superintendent some points on running railroads. He was a nice, friendly man"—Bannon clasped his hands about one knee and smiled reminiscently—"I had him pretty busy there for a while thinking up lies. He was wondering how he could get ready for the next caller when I came at him and made him wire the general manager of the line. The operator was sitting right outside the door, and when the answer came I just took it in—it gave the whole snap away, clear as you want."

Miss Vogel turned on her stool. "You took his message?"

"I should say I did. It takes a pretty lively man to crowd me off the end of a wire. He told the superintendent not to give us cars. That was all I wanted to know, so I told him how sorry I was I couldn't stay to lunch, caught the next train back to Ledyard, and built a fire under Sloan."

Miss Vogel was looking out of the window.

"He said not to give us cars?" she repeated.

Bannon smiled.

"But we didn't need them," he said. "I got a barge to come over from Milwaukee, and we loaded her up and started her down."

"I don't understand, Mr. Bannon. Ledyard isn't on the lake—and you couldn't get cars."

"That wasn't very hard." He paused, for a step sounded outside the door and in a moment Peterson had come in.

"I guess you wanted to talk to me, didn't you, Charlie?"

"Yes, I'm writing to the Office. It's about this C. & S. C. business. You said you'd had trouble with them before."

"Oh, no," said Peterson, sitting on the railing and removing his hat, with a side glance at Miss Vogel, "not to speak of. Nothing so bad as last night."

"What was it?"

"Why, just a little talk when we opened the fence first time. That section boss was around, but I told him how things was, and he didn't seem to have no kick coming as long as we was careful."

Bannon had taken up his letter to Brown and was looking it over. When Peterson got to his feet he laid it on the table.

"Anything else, Charlie? I'm just getting things to going on the annex. We're going to make her jump, I tell you. I ain't allowing any loafing there."

"No," Bannon replied; "I guess not." He followed the foreman out of doors. "Do you remember having any letters, Pete, about our agreement with the C. & S. C. to build over the tracks—from the Office, or anybody?"

Peterson brought his brows together and tried to remember. After a moment he slowly shook his head.

"Nothing, eh?" said Bannon.

"Not that I can think of. Something may have come in when Max was here in the office——"

"I wish you'd ask him."

"All right. He'll be around my way before long, taking the time."

"And say," Bannon added with one foot on the doorstep, "you haven't seen anything more of Briggs, have you?"

Peterson shook his head.

"If you see him hanging around you may as well throw him right off the job."

Peterson grinned.

"I guess he won't show up very fast. Max did him up good last night, when he was blowing off about bringing the delegate around."

Bannon had drawn the door to after him when he came out. He was turning back, with a hand on the knob, when Peterson, who was lingering, said in a low voice:

"Say, Charlie, she's all right, ain't she?"

Bannon did not reply, and Peterson jerked his thumb toward the office.

"Max's sister, there. I never saw any red hair before that was up to the mark. Ain't she a little uppish, though, don't you think?"

"I guess not."

"Red-haired girls generally is. They've got tempers, too, most of them. It's funny about her looks. She don't look any more like Max than anything." He grinned again. "Lord, Max is a peach, though, ain't he?"

Bannon nodded and reëntered the office. He sat down and added a postscript to his letter:

> The C. & S. C. people are trying to make it warm for us about working across their tracks. Can't we have an understanding with them before we get ready to put up the belt gallery? If we don't, we'll have to build a suspension bridge.
>
> C. B.

He sealed the envelope hastily and tossed it to one side.

"Time don't count with him"

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of May 25.

"Miss Vogel," he said, pushing his chair back, "didn't you ask me something just now?"

"It was about getting the cribbing across to the lake," she replied. "I don't see how you did it."

Her interest in the work pleased Bannon.

"It ain't a bad story. You see the farmers up in that country hate the railroads. It's the tariff rebate, you know. They have to pay more to ship their stuff to market than some places a thousand miles farther off. And I guess the service is pretty bad all around. I was figuring on something like that as soon as I had a look at things. So we got up a poster and had it printed, telling what they all think of the G. & M."—he paused, and his eyes twinkled—"I wouldn't mind handing one to that superintendent just for the fun of seeing him when he read it. It told the farmers to come around to Sloan's lumber yard with their wagons."

"And you carried it across in the wagons?"

"I guess we did."

"Isn't it a good ways?"

"Eighteen to thirty miles, according to who you ask. As soon as things got to going we went after the general manager and gave him a bad half hour; so I shouldn't be surprised to see the rest of the bill coming in by rail any time now."

Bannon got up and slowly buttoned his coat. He was looking about the office, at the mud-tracked floor and the coated windows, and at the hanging shreds of spider web in the corners and between the rafters overhead.

"It ain't a very cheerful house to live in all day, is it?" he said. "I don't know but what we'd better clean house a little. There's not much danger of putting a shine on things that'll hurt your eyes. We ought to be able to get hold of some one that could come in once in a while and stir up the dust. Do you know of any one?"

"There is a woman that comes to our boarding-house. I think they know about her at the hotel."

He went to the telephone and called up the hotel.

"She'll be here this afternoon," he said as he hung up the receiver. "Will she bring her own scrubbing things, or are we supposed to have them for her? This is some out of my line."

Miss Vogel was smiling.

"She'll have her own things, I guess. When she comes, would you like me to start her at work?"

"If you'd just as soon. And tell her to make a good job of it. I've got to go out now, but I'll be around off and on during the day."

When the noon whistle blew Bannon and Max were standing near the annex. Already the bins and walls had been raised more than a foot above the foundation, which gave it the appearance of a great checker-board.

"Looks like business, doesn't it?" said Max. He was a little excited, for now there was to be no more delaying until the elevator should stand completed from the working floor to the top, one hundred and sixty feet above the ground; until engines and conveyor's scales should be working smoothly and every bin filled with grain. Indeed, nearly everybody on the job had by this time caught the spirit of energy that Bannon had infused into the work.

"I'll be glad when it gets up far enough to look like something, so we can feel that things are really getting on."

"They're getting on all right," Bannon replied.

"How soon will we be working on the cupola?"

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow!" Max stopped (they had started toward the office) and looked at Bannon in amazement. "Why, we can't do it, can we?"

"Why not?" Bannon pointed toward a cleared space behind the pile of cribbing, where the carpenters had been at work on the heavy timbers. "They're all ready for the framing."

Max made no reply, but he looked up as they passed the elevator and measured with his eyes the space remaining between the cribbing and the tops of the posts. He had yet to become accustomed to Bannon's methods; but he had seen enough of him to believe that it would be done if Bannon said so.

They were half-way to the office when Max said with a touch of embarrassment:

"How's Hilda going to take hold, Mr. Bannon?"

"First class."

Max's eyes sparkled.

"She can do anything you give to her. Her head's as clear as a bell."

For the moment Bannon made no reply, but as they paused outside the office door he said:

"We'd better make a point of dropping in at the office now and then during the day. Any time you know I'm out on the job and you're up this way, just look in."

Max nodded.

"And nights when we're working overtime, there won't be any trouble about your getting off long enough to see your sister home. She won't need to do any night work."

They entered the office. Miss Vogel was standing by the railing gate, buttoning her jacket and waiting for Max. Behind her, bending over the blue-prints on the table, stood Peterson, apparently too absorbed to hear the two men come in. Bannon gave him a curious glance, for no blue-prints were needed in working on the annex, which was simply a matter of building bins up from the foundation. When Max and his sister had gone the foreman looked around, and said with a show of surprise:

"Oh, hello, Charlie. Going up to the house?"

"Yes."

Peterson's manner was not wholly natural. As they walked across the flats his conversation was a little forced, and he laughed occasionally at certain occurrences in the morning's work that were not particularly amusing.

Bannon did not get back to the office until a half hour after work had commenced for the afternoon. He carried a large bundle under one arm and in his hand a wooden box with a slot cut in the cover. He found the scrubwoman hard at work on the office floor. The chair and the unused stool were on the table. He looked about with satisfaction.

"It begins to look better already," he said to Miss Vogel. "You know we're not going to be able to keep it all clean; there'll be too many coming in. But there's going to be a law passed about tracking mud inside the railing." He opened his bundle and unrolled a door mat which he laid in front of the gate.

Miss Vogel was smiling, but Bannon's face was serious. He cut a square piece from the wrapping-paper, and sitting at the table printed the placard, "Wipe your feet! Or put five cents in the box." Then he nailed both box and placard to the railing, and stood back to look at his work.

"That will do it," he said.

She nodded. "There's no danger that they won't see it."

"We had a box down on the New Orleans job," said Bannon, "only that was for swearing. Every time anybody swore he put in a nickel, and then when Saturday came around we'd have ten or fifteen dollars to spend."

"It didn't stop the swearing, then?"

"Oh, yes. Everybody was broke a day or so after pay day, and for a few days every week it was the best crowd you ever saw. But we won't spend this money that way. I guess we'll let you decide what to do with it."

Hour by hour the piles of cribbing dwindled, and on the elevator the distance from bin walls to post tops grew shorter. Before five o'clock the last planks were spiked home on the walls and bins in the northwest corner. A few hours' work in the morning would bring the rest of the house to the same level, and then work could commence on the distributing floor and on the frame of the cupola. Before the middle of the afternoon he had started two teams of horses dragging the cupola timbers, which had been cut ready for framing, to the foot of the hoist. By ten o'clock in the morning, Bannon figured, the engine would be lifting timbers instead of bundles of cribbing.

There was a chill wind, up there on the top of the elevator, coming across the flats out of the glowing sunset. But Bannon let his coat flap open, as he gave a hand now and then to help the men. He liked to feel the wind tugging at sleeves and cap, and he leaned against it, bare-throated and bare-handed—bare-headed, too, he would have been had not a carpenter, rods away on the cribbing, put out a hand to catch his cap as it tried to whirl past on a gust. The river wound away toward the lake, touched with the color of the sky, to lose itself half a mile away among the straggling rows of factories and rolling-mills. From the splendid crimson of the western sky to the broken horizon line of South Chicago, whose buildings hid Lake Michigan, the air was crisp and clear; but on the north, over the dim shops and blocks of houses that grew closer together as the eye went on, until spires and towers and gray walls were massed in confusion, hung a veil of smoke, like a black cloud, spreading away farther than eye could see. This was Chicago.

Bannon climbed to the ground and took a last look about the work before going to the office. The annex was growing slowly but surely; and Peterson, coatless and hatless, as usual, with sleeves rolled up, was at work with the men, swinging a hammer here, impatiently shouldering a bundle of planks there. And Bannon saw more clearly what he had known before, that Peterson was a good man when kept within his limitations. Certainly the annex could not have been better started.

When Bannon entered the office Miss Vogel handed him a sheet of paper. He came in through the gate and stood at the desk beside her to have the light of the lamp. It was a balance-sheet, giving the results of her examination of the books.

"All right, eh?" he said. A glance had been enough to show him that hereafter there would be no confusion in the books; the cashier of a metropolitan bank could not have issued a more businesslike statement. He tossed it on the desk, saying, "You might file it."

Then he took time to look about the office. It was as clean as blackened, splintered planks could be made; even the ceiling had been attacked and every trace of cobweb removed.

"Well," he said, "this is business. And we'll keep it this way, too."

She had faced about on the stool and was looking at him with a twinkle in her eye.

"Yes," she said, evidently trying not to laugh; "we'll try to."

He was not looking at her as she spoke, but when, a moment later, the laugh broke away from her, he turned. She was looking at his feet. He glanced down and saw a row of black footprints leading from the door to where he stood, one of them squarely in the centre of the new mat. He gazed ruefully, then he reached into his pocket and drew out a quarter, dropping it in the box.

"Well ——," he said, wiping his feet; but the whistle just then gave a long blast, and he did not finish the sentence.

After supper Bannon and Peterson sat in the room they occupied together. In the walk home and during supper there had been the same sullen manner about the younger man that Bannon had observed at noon. Half a day was a long time for Peterson to keep to himself something that bothered him, and before the close of dinner he had begun working the talk around. Now, after a long silence that Bannon filled with sharpening pencils, he said:

"Some people think a lot of themselves, don't they, Charlie?"

Bannon looked up from his pencil; he was sitting on the edge of the bed.

"She seems to think she's better'n Max and you and me, and everybody. I thought she looked pretty civil, and I didn't say a word she need to have got stuck-up about."

Bannon asked no questions. After waiting to give him an opportunity, Peterson went on:

"There's going to be a picnic Sunday of the Iron Workers up at Sharpshooters' Park. I know a fellow that has tickets. It'd be just as quiet as anywhere—and speeches, you know. I don't see that she's any better than a lot of the girls that'll be there."

"Do you mean to say you asked her to go?"

"Yes, and she——"

Bannon had turned away to strop his razor on his hand, and Peterson, after one or two attempts to begin the story, let the subject drop.

SEVENTH CHAPTER

BANNON had the knack of commanding men. He knew the difference between an isolated—or better, perhaps, an insulated—man and the same man in a crowd. Without knowing how he did it, he could, nevertheless, distinguish between the signs of temporary ill feeling among the men and the perhaps less apparent danger signal that meant serious mischief.

Since his first day on the job the attitude of the men had worried him a little. There was something in the air he did not like. Peterson, accustomed to handling smaller bodies of men, had made the natural mistake of driving the very large force employed on the elevator with much too loose a rein. The men were still further demoralized by the episode with the walking delegate, Grady, on Thursday night. Bannon knew too much to attempt half-way measures, so he waited for a case of insubordination serious enough to call for severe treatment.

When he happened into the office about the middle of Saturday morning Miss Vogel handed him two letters addressed to him personally. One was from Brown; the last paragraph of it as follows:

> Young Page has told MacBride in so many words what we've all been guessing about—that is, that they are fighting to break the corner in December wheat. They have a tremendous short line on the Chicago Board and they mean to deliver it. Twenty-two hundred thousand has got to be in the bins there at Calumet before the first of January unless the Day of Judgment happens along before then. Never mind what it costs you.
>
> BROWN.
>
> P. S. MacBride has got down an atlas and is trying to figure out how you got that cribbing to the lake. I told him you put the barge on rollers and towed it up to Ledyard with a traction engine.

The letter from Sloan was to the effect that twelve cars were at that moment on the yard siding loading with cribbing, and that all of it, something more than eighteen hundred thousand feet, would probably be in Chicago within a week. A note was scribbled on the margin in Sloan's handwriting. "Those fool farmers are still coming in expecting a job. One is out in the yard now. Came clear from Victory. I've had to send out a man to take down the posters."

"That's just like a farmer," Bannon said to Miss Vogel. "Time don't count with him. To-morrow morning or two weeks from next Tuesday—he can't see the difference. I suppose if one of those posters on an inconspicuous tree happens to be overlooked that some old fellow'll come driving in next Fourth of July."

He buttoned his coat as though going out, but stood looking at her thoughtfully a while. "All the same," he said, "I'd like to be that way myself; never do anything till to-morrow. I'm going to turn farmer some day. Once I get this job done and I'd like to see the man who can hurry me. I'll say to MacBride: 'I'm willing to work on nice, quiet, easy little jobs that never have to be finished. I'll want to sit at the desk and whittle most of the time. But if you ever try to put me on a rush job I'll quit and buy a small farm.' I could make the laziest farmer in twelve States. Well, I've got to go out on the job."

An elevator is simply a big grain warehouse, and of course the bins where the grain is kept occupy most of the building. But for handling the grain more than bin room is necessary. Beneath the bins is what is called the working story, where is the machinery for unloading cars and for lifting the grain. The cupola, which Bannon was about to frame, is a five-story building perched atop the bins. It contains the appliances for weighing the grain and distributing it.

When Bannon climbed out on top of the bins he found the carpenters partially flooring over the area, preparatory to putting in place the framework of the cupola. Below them in the bins, like bees in a honeycomb, laborers were taking down the scaffolding which had served in building their walls. At the south side of the building a group of laborers, under one of the foremen, was rigging what is known as a boom hoist, which was to lift the timbers for framing the cupola.

While Bannon stood watching the carpenters one of them sawed off the end of a plank and dropped it down into the bin. There was a low laugh and one or two of the men glanced uneasily at Bannon. He spoke to the offender. "Don't do that again if you want to stay on this job. You know there are men at work down there." Then: "Look here," he called, getting the attention of all the carpenters; "every man that drops anything into the bins gets docked an hour's pay. If he does it twice he leaves the job just as quick as we can make out a time-check. I want you to be careful."

He was picking his way over to the group of men about the hoisting-pole when he heard another general laugh from the carpenters. Turning back, he saw them all looking at a fellow named Reilly, who, trying to suppress a smile, was peering with mock concern down into the dark bin. "My hammer slipped," Bannon heard him say in a loud aside to the man nearest him. Then, with a laugh, "Accidents will happen."

Bannon almost smiled himself, for the man had played right into his hand. He had, in the four days since he took

command, already become aware of Reilly and had put him down for the sort ambitious to rise rather in the organization of his union than in his trade

"I guess we won't take the trouble to duck you," he said "Go to the office and get your time. And be quick about it too."

"Did ye mean me?" the man asked impudently, but Bannon, without heeding, went over to the hoist. Presently a rough hand fell on his shoulder. "Say," demanded Reilly again, "did ye mean me?

"No doubt of that. Go and get your time

"I guess not," said the man. "Not me. My hammer just slipped. How're you going to prove I meant to do it?"

"I'm not. I'm going to fire you. You ain't laid off, you understand; you're fired. If you ever come back I'll have you kicked off the place"

"You don't dare fire me," the man said, coming nearer "You'll have to take me back to-morrow

"I'm through talking with you," said Bannon, still quietly. "The faster you can light out of here the better."

"We'll see about that You can't come it on the union that way——

Then, without any preparatory gesture whatever, Bannon knocked him down. The man seemed fairly to rebound from the floor. He rushed at the boss, but before he could come within striking distance Bannon had whipped out a revolver and dropped it level with Reilly's face

"I've talked to you he said slowly, his eye blazing along the barrel "and I've knocked you down. But——

The man staggered back, then walked away very pale, but muttering Bannon shoved back the revolver into his hip pocket. "It's all right, boys," he said; "nothing to get excited about."

He walked to the edge and looked over. "We can't wait to pick it up a stick at a time," he said "I'll tell 'em to load four or five on each larry. Then you can lift the whole bunch."

"We run some chances of a spill or a break that way," said the foreman

"I know it," answered Bannon dryly. "That's the kind of chances we'll have to run for the next two months

Descending to the ground, he gave the same order to the men below; then he sent word to Peterson and Vogel that he wished to see them in the office. He wiped his feet on the mat, glancing at Hilda as he did so, but she was hard at work and did not look up. He took the one unoccupied chair and placed it where he could watch the burnished light in her red hair Presently she turned toward him

"Did you want something?" she asked

"Excuse me, I guess—I

In the midst of his embarrassment Max and Pete came in. "I've got a couple of letters I want to talk over with you boys," he said. "That's why I sent for you."

Pete laughed and vaulted to a seat on the drafting table. "I was 'most afraid to come," he said. "I heard you drawed a gun on that fellow Reilly. What was he doing to make you mad?"

"Nothing much"

"Well, I'm glad you fired him He's made trouble right along. How'd it happen you had a gun with you? Do you always carry one?"

"Haven't been without one on a job since I've worked for the old man

"Well," said Pete, straightening up, "I've never so much as owned one, and I never want to. I don't like 'em. If my fists ain't good enough to take care of me against any fellow that comes along, why he's welcome to lick me, that's all

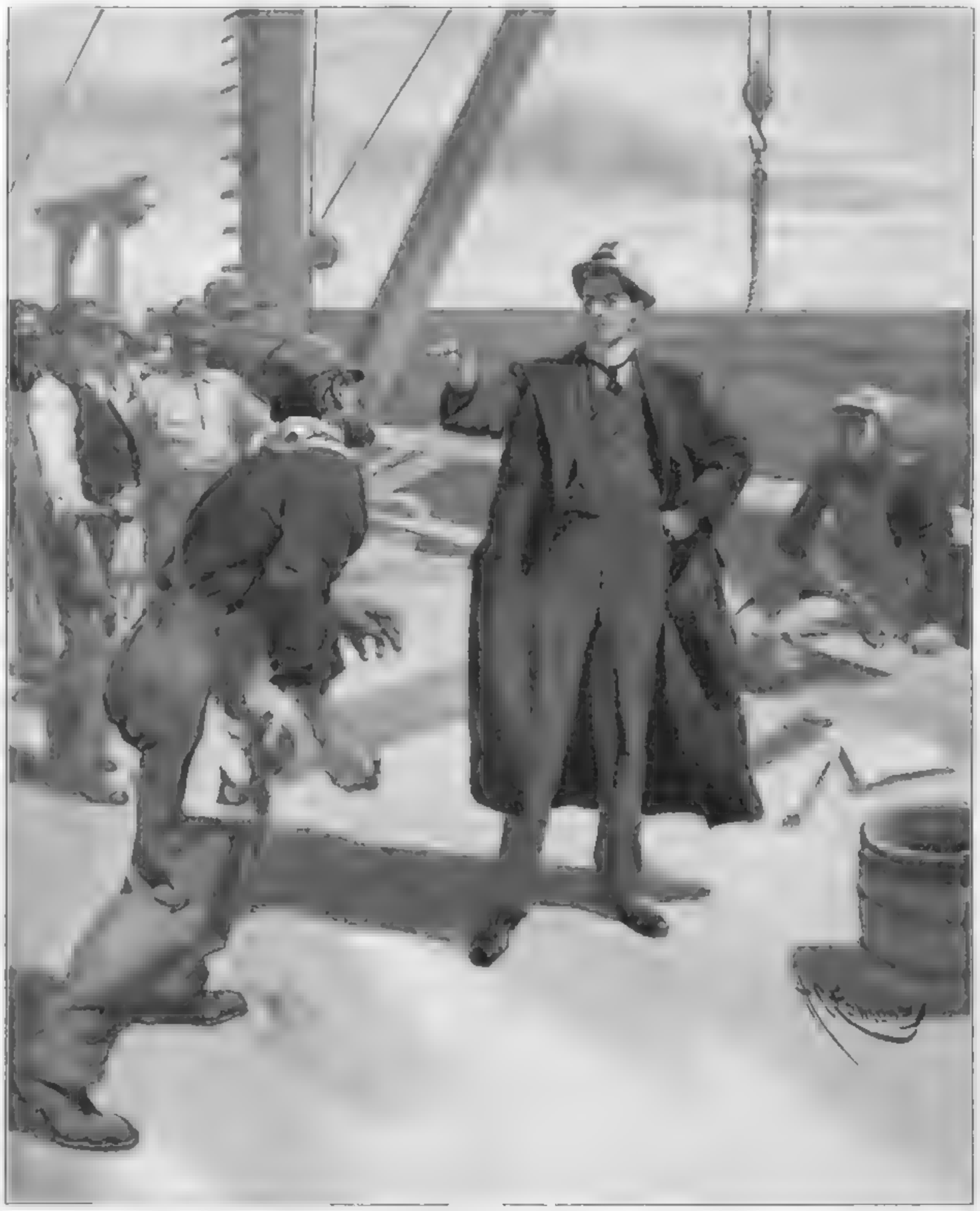
Hilda glanced at him and for a moment her eyes rested on his figure. There was not a line of it but showed grace and strength and a magnificent confidence. Then, as if for the contrast, she looked at Bannon. He had been watching her all the while, and he seemed to guess her thought

"That's all right," he said in answer to Peterson, "when it's just you and him and a fellow to hold your coats. But it don't always begin that way. I've been in places where things got pretty miscellaneous sometimes, but I never had a man come up and say: 'Mr. Bannon, I'm going to lick you Any time when you're ready.' There's generally from three to thirty, and they all try to get on your back."

Peterson laughed reminiscently. "I was an attendant in the insane ward of the Massachusetts General Hospital for a while, and one time, when I wasn't looking for it, twenty-four of those lunatics all jumped on me at once. They got me on the floor and 'most killed me." He paused, as though there was nothing more to tell

"Don't stop there," said Max

"Why," he went on, "I crawled along till I got to a chair, and I just knocked 'em around with that till they was quiet



Bannon looked at his watch; then he took Brown's letter from his pocket. "It's from the Office," he said. "We've got to have the bins full before New Year's Day."

"Got to!" exclaimed Pete. "I don't see it that way We can't do it."

"Can or can't, that don't interest MacBride a bit He says it's got to be done, and it has."

"Why, he can't expect us to do it. He didn't say anything about January first to me. *I* didn't know it was a rush job. And then we played in hard luck, too, before you came That cribbing being tied up, for instance. He certainly can't blame us if——"

"That's got nothing to do with it," Bannon cut in shortly "He don't pay us to make excuses; he pays us to do as we're told. When I have to begin explaining to MacBride why it can't be done, I'll send my resignation along in a separate envelope and go to peddling a cure for corns. What we want to talk about is how we're going to do it."

Peterson flushed, but said nothing, and Bannon went on "Now, here's what we've got to do. We've got to frame the cupola and put on the roof and sheathe the entire house with galvanized iron; we've got to finish the spouting-house and sheathe that; we've got to build the belt gallery—and we'll have no end of a time doing it if the C. & S C is still looking for trouble. Then there's all the machinery to erect and the millwright work to do. And we've got to build the annex

"I thought you was going to forget that," said Pete "That's the worst job of all."

"No, it ain't. It's the easiest. It'll build itself. It's just a case of two and two makes four. All you've got to do is spike down two-inch planks till it's done, and then clap on some sort of a roof. There's no machinery no details, just straight work. It's just a question of having the lumber to do it with and we've got it now It's the little work that can raise Ned with you There is more than a million little things that any man ought to do in half an hour, but if one of 'em goes wrong it may hold you up for all day. Now, I figure the business this way

He took a memorandum from his pocket and began reading. There was very little guesswork about it, he had set down as nearly as possible the amount of labor involved in each separate piece of construction, and the number of men who could work on it at once. Allowing for the different kinds of work that could be done simultaneously, he made out a total of one hundred and twenty days

"Well, that's all right, I guess," said Pete, "but you see that takes us way along into next year some time

"About March first" said Max

"You haven't divided by three yet," said Bannon. "We'll get three eight-hour days into every twenty four hours, and twenty-one of 'em into every week

"Why, that's better than we need to do," said Pete after a moment "That gets us about two weeks ahead of time

"Did you ever get through when you thought you would?" Bannon demanded. "I never did Don't you know that you always get hit by something you ain't looking for? I'm figuring in our hard luck margin, that's all. There are some things I *am* looking for, too. We'll have a stroke before we get through"

"Oh, I guess not," said Pete easily. "You're still thinking of Reilly, aren't you?"

"And for another thing, Page & Company are likely to spring something on us at the last moment

"What sort of thing?"

"If I knew I'd go ahead and build it now, but I don't."

"How are you going to work three gangs? Who'll look after 'em?"

"One of us has got to stay up nights, I guess," said Bannon. "We'll have to get a couple of boys to help Max keep time. It may take us a day or two to get the good men divided up and the thing to running properly, but we ought to be going full blast by the first of the week."

He arose and buttoned his coat. "You two know the men better than I do. I wish you'd go through the pay-roll and pick out the best men, and find out, if you can, who'll work nights at regular night wages."

Peterson came out of the office with him "I suppose you'll put me in the night gang," he said

"I haven't decided yet what I'll do"

"When I came by the main hoist," Pete went on, "they was picking up four and five sticks at once. I stopped 'em

(Continued on Page 19)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
421 to 427 Arch Street

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1901

$1.00 the Year by Subscription
5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

Special Notice to Subscribers

In order that you may renew your subscription in time to make sure that you will not miss one or more numbers, you should watch the label on your magazine carefully, as the date on which your subscription expires will appear on it. If you wish to receive THE SATURDAY EVENING POST without a break, you should renew at once. Subscriptions received by seven or before Tuesday of any week will commence with the issue of the next week following. If received after that day they will commence one week later than above. We cannot commence a subscription with a back number.

The magazine will be made better from week to week, with frequent double numbers. In short, neither brains nor money will be spared in any department during the coming year. For ONE DOLLAR you will receive more in variety, quantity and quality than you can obtain by subscribing for any other periodical or combination of periodicals, costing you three or four times as much.

AMERICAN enterprise and American dollars have proved quite an alarm-clock for John Bull.

KAISER WILHELM has forbidden his loving subjects to take snapshots at his august person, but the ruler who is really afraid of that sort of thing is the Czar of all the Russias.

THE fact that he will be gathered to his fathers long before the indemnity installments begin to mount up may explain Li Hung Chang's cheerful compliance with the demands of the Powers.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S decision to remain in Europe when he was expected to hasten home may have been caused by the disheartening reflection that all his millions would not bring him here a day sooner than the humblest steerage passenger.

DURING the President's journey the three Territories did not neglect their opportunities. They spread literature and speeches, showing why they should be admitted to Statehood, and they did not neglect to mention the fact that both of the great parties had promised that it should be done. But a platform promise and Congressional performance are two different things, and so the Territories are still knocking at the gates. It is respectfully hoped that if they do succeed they will do better in the way of Senators and Representatives than some other recently admitted States.

DR. JOHN H. GIRDNER, a physician and author, has discovered that New York is a disease and has written a book which he calls Newyorkitis. He declares that the New Yorker is narrow in vision, thought and spirit, that he likes his religion cut to his peculiar taste, that he is inclined to vaudeville and yellow journalism and novels that have no cause for existence, and finally, that he is the worshiper of money and plutocrats. There are other points which he makes, but these will show the general conditions of the patient. The cure the doctor suggests is culture. It is very easy, of course, to have fun with the denizen of any metropolitan wilderness. They do it in London, and they do it in Paris, and they do it in Berlin. They even attempt it in Chicago. But considering everything—the tightness of his island, and the number of his skyscrapers, and the suddenness of his wealth—the New Yorker is not a bad person. He measures up to the average of the times. Possibly his worst fault is that he looks too much across the Atlantic instead of letting his eyes and thoughts follow the Course of Empire; but he will get over that. As for New York—well, it is our business capital and the most powerful city on earth, and we are proud of it.

The spring poet is not half so bad as he is printed.

The Reign of the Mechanic

AMERICANS have a cheerful habit when things go wrong of assuming that all will come out right in the end. And their history gives them much reason for this assumption. Not many ills in American life run on very long without a remedy. For instance, moralists have complained that our young men have been getting false ideas of life. They have pointed to the crowded classes in the professional schools, and have asked what the country would do when everybody forsook manual labor and tried to make a living by his wits. They have foreseen the time when the land would be overrun by half-starved lawyers and doctors, and left destitute of mechanics.

But the industrial revolution now under way has changed all this. The great prizes of modern life are no longer for the men who practice the traditional professions, but for those who begin by working with their hands and end by controlling gigantic industries. The road to million-dollar salaries and royal power in these days is not through the law school or the theological seminary, but through the machine shop and the freight caboose.

The recent descriptions in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of the methods by which millionaires are made at the Carnegie Works and of the progress of bright young men elsewhere from brakemen to railroad presidents must have a potent effect on the aspirations of the rising generation, and the new organization of industry will tend more and more to make such cases the rule instead of the exception. Under the old system, a bright workman in a shop employing half a dozen men might become the foreman of that shop, but he had little chance of making himself known outside. Now, such a man is in the direct line of promotion to the control of a whole national industry employing half a million men. Each step in his advancement is a preparation for another step. As every soldier in Napoleon's army carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack, so every workman in a modern factory carries potentially the presidency of a trust.

If this system continues to prevail it must have great social results. It will not only send the brightest young men of the country to mechanical occupations, instead of to the so-called professions, but it will prevent the segregation of the community into classes. The natural leaders of the workmen will be continually drafted off to become the managers of the industries as a whole. Whether this will be injurious or not to the men who stay in the ranks remains to be seen. At all events, it will prevent the creation of castes, either of employers or of employed. The blood of the community will be kept in constant circulation, and that ought to mean national health. —SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

Long dinners, quick lunches and early funerals—and civilization moves on.

Chances for Newspaper Strategists

WAR has been going on since the beginning of time, but newspapers have not. The war correspondent is in consequence a comparatively recent appurtenance of civilization. The man who can be hard at work in this profession with no vacation from year to year is still more recent; he is a product of the very latest years of journalism. Only during the last few years have all the little wars been reported in detail, and only recently have the special correspondents of great metropolitan newspapers covered the whole globe with the network of their tracks. No sooner is one conflict ended than the man who has sent accounts of it flashing across the continents and oceans may expect marching orders to another land where the flame of war burns red. War correspondence, in short, is now a profession; not a thing to be taken up as the exciting holiday expedition of the police reporter, the city editor, or the dramatic critic. There are enough wars to keep a correspondent going, and the qualifications for the post are likely to become difficult enough of attainment to warrant his devoting his life to perfecting himself in his chosen vocation. It will now be possible, though perhaps not pleasant, for the mother to look upon her peaceful babe asleep in his cradle and contemplate, among the chances for his future, that of his choosing to spend his life reporting battles and the deeds of soldiers—an occupation more warlike even than that of war. One may believe that the millennium will include universal peace among its advantageous arrangements. Meanwhile, however, if we must have wars, let there be correspondents; and if we must have correspondents, let them be good ones.

It is commonly enough said of the war correspondent that he thinks he knows more than the general. We are likely soon to insist that he shall. We want him to be an absolute authority on military technique. We also want him to have the dash, the courage, and the resourcefulness of a hero of romantic fiction, the power to write vivid descriptions in faultless English while he balances his pad of paper on one knee and the bullets splutter around him, and last, but not least, an impartiality which would do credit to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Impartiality is perhaps the hardest to attain of all the ideal war correspondent's virtues. Of course some newspapers send out their representatives not so much to report the war as it is, as the war as the public likes to believe it is. Prejudice and imagination then combine to paint the picture. But the thing is difficult enough when the correspondent is trying his best. When one's own country is at war, patriotism fights hard sometimes against perfect fairness. In the economy of life, it is in the reporting of wars that a use could best be found for the expatriate, provided he has not become repatriate, as it were, in some other land. The real cosmopolite, the wanderer, the man without a country, should have many characteristics of the ideal correspondent. But the man without a country probably does not exist outside Edward Everett Hale's famous story.

In the course of study for war correspondents it would probably be advisable for the apprentice to try his hand at several campaigns in which the combatants on both sides were foreigners to him. The Americans who went to South Africa for London newspapers and the Britishers who were in Cuba for the American press are the best proof that the nationality of the war correspondent need not be the same as that of his editor at home. After such an experience the correspondent might follow the armies of his own nation. This should be his ideal work. For he could bring all his gathered wisdom to the service of his country. At the seat of war he may throw his whole heart into aiding the prosecution of campaigns; at home his voice may counsel calmness or spur on the public's flagging interest. He has great powers for good or harm.

Yet in the end we must not wish him well. For the exercise of his highest capacities would mean continual warfare for his country. Success to him!—but very little of it!

—H. G. RHODES.

No man can make his summer shirt-waist hang gracefully and earn a large salary at the same time.

Our Uniformed Chesterfields

YOUNGEST among the nations, hence in theory rudest and most impetuous, America is proving in her practice the gentlest and best natured. The mercies need not be instanced that have been given to Aguinaldo and to some of the most troublesome of the Indian leaders. Nor is it necessary to speak of the consideration extended to our prisoners in the Spanish War; of the honors, even, paid to Cervera; for in that case we were at odds with a civilized people, and in the duels of nations a certain punctilio is exacted. Recently, however, we were embroiled, against our will, with China, and it was thought just and politic to join with other Powers in the display of force about Peking.

From the day when that city was entered there has been complaint against the allies of Europe because of their ruffianly behavior toward the neutral and friendly Chinese, and their looting of houses, shops and the imperial palace itself. What could not be taken was destroyed, and it makes one heart-sick to think of the treasures of Oriental art that can never be replaced: the noble old porcelains, of the hues of flowers and gems; the rich embroideries; the elaborate carvings; the costly lacquers; the quaint bronzes, tossed and kicked about the floor and slashed with sabres by drunken Cossacks or uniformed peasants and navvies of other armies. Most deplorable is the demand of these aliens for the blood of a beaten people—a demand utterly abhorrent to the teachings of the religion which the allies avow.

In all this the American soldier has conducted himself with a fine reserve. He has not been blameless, but it is not alleged of him that he forced friendly Chinamen to become his beasts of burden, and whipped them on till they fell under their loads; that he filched food and merchandise from the shops and demanded tribute from peasants; that he was sending cargoes of stolen goods out of the country. On the contrary, the Americans carried their own packs and camp outfit in the withering heat; they went hungry, when they might have preyed on the natives; they interfered in several cases to prevent the abuse and robbery of the poor people by soldiers of proud carriage, who wore foreign orders. Certain of the European papers have ridiculed what they termed the softness and weakness of the Americans, alleging that the Chinese respected only those whom they feared. But when the viceroys were permitted to speak, it was learned that the Chinese had by no means relaxed their opposition to the Europeans, and that, if foreign troops were to remain on their soil, they would prefer that they might be Americans.

It is not on such qualities as these, exhibited by our military representatives, that nations are wont to plume themselves. The coarser traits of strength and warlike address appeal more forcibly to certain minds. Yet this very disclosure of gentler conduct than that of our associates ought to be of the highest satisfaction to us, especially as it is evident that because of it we enjoy the confidence and good will of a people naturally distrustful. For this temperance of behavior proves the success and rightness of the principles on which this Republic was founded. The conditions in this land are those which encourage kindliness and trust. Whatever is wrong it is in the power of the whole people to remedy, and knowledge of this power gives content. If democracy means anything, however, it means not only universal right under the law, but a broad, tolerant, generous spirit in the law. And who that watches the unfolding of events can doubt that in this country we best realize the possibilities of brotherhood? Our revolutions are peaceful, our purposes just; in our prisons we are beginning reform where formerly we merely punished; in our charities we are ever wider, in our laws more considerate, in our schools more wise, in our relations, man to man, and state to man, more friendly. Democracy fulfils its mission, and its highest hope is here. God be with us! —CHARLES M. SKINNER.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Mr. Alleyne Ireland

The Quizzing of Mr. Ireland

The University of Chicago has responded to the growing demand for more light on the problems of Colonial government by engaging an expert to spend two years in the far East for the purpose of studying the administration of Asiatic dependencies. Mr. Alleyne Ireland, whom the University has commissioned to undertake this work, is a young Englishman who, for the past thirteen years, has devoted himself exclusively to the study of affairs colonial, and is now regarded as an authority on tropical colonization.

Mr. Ireland's three years in the United States have made him an ardent admirer of the American people, and, although his love for his native land is in no wise diminished, no one would suspect, on meeting him, that he is not a good American. As a matter of fact he comes from Manchester, England, where his family were of prominence. Both Mr Ireland's parents were writers, and the Carlyles, the Brownings and our own Emerson were among their close acquaintance

A student's life is rarely an adventurous one; but Mr Ireland's has been a striking exception. Not content with gleaning knowledge in the seclusion of library alcoves he has done his most significant work during an extended residence in tropical colonies. There is scarcely a corner of the civilized globe in which he has not pursued his investigations. He has lived in India, Australia, the West Indies and South America, and years ago he sailed before the mast from San Francisco around Cape Horn to Havre from sheer love of adventure and of the sea. His mission in behalf of the University of Chicago will take him to Burmah, Siam, the Malay States, the Straits Settlements, Sumatra, Java, Borneo and Indo-China

During his stay in British Guiana Mr. Ireland became interested in sugar growing and hired himself out as an overseer on one of the great sugar estates. Here, with some hundreds of East Indian coolies under him, he had exceptional opportunities of studying the problems of tropical labor. During the past three years he has published two volumes on Colonial affairs.

Mr. Ireland tells a good story of the latent antipathy toward England which is still to be found in some parts of the country. "I was lecturing," he says, "at a small town in New England. The audience was respectful but not enthusiastic. The few anecdotes with which I strove to enliven my discourse were taken very seriously—an Englishman is not supposed to be humorous. At the end of the lecture I said

"'And now, ladies and gentlemen, this is one of the few subjects about which I do not know everything; but I shall be glad to answer any questions.' A portly dame arose and amid a breathless hush asked

"'Why are England's colonies so fond of England?'

"'There are many reasons, madam,' I replied, 'one of which is that on the whole we have treated them well.'

"'Yes,' she answered, 'of course you have; *you had to after the lesson we gave you.* G-o-o d-evening.'"

Emperor William and the Salad

American social leaders are more interested in the Kaiser of Germany than they ever were in any crowned head, outside of the English rulers. Probably it is because the Kaiser is fond of Americans, and shows as keen a desire as his uncle, the King of England, to meet charming Americans and talk to them. In Berlin and Homburg he has met many of the rich social set of America and they are loud in their praise of the Emperor

He is described as having the most fascinating personality in Europe to-day It is said of him that he has that great quality which made the wife of President Cleveland one of the most notable women who ever presided at the White House That is, the gift of making a visitor or auditor think that he is the one person in the world whom the great one desires to meet

A woman, who is of high social distinction in America, was presented to the Kaiser at some dinner that was not attended with royal state. She was talking to him when she was offered a famous German salad. It was handed on her right and the Kaiser was on her left, which put her in a predicament.

She did not dare turn her face from the Emperor to help herself to the salad. The situation was too much for her. The Emperor, seeing the condition at a glance, looked at her for an instant and laughed, as he said: "A Kaiser can wait, but a salad cannot."

Two Difficult Saturday Night Interviews

The well known Rev Charles H. Parkhurst, of New York, makes a point of being very courteous to newspaper men and is always willing to be seen and interviewed He sets aside one hour each day to be at home to callers in general, but to newspaper men he is at home at nearly all times—except on Saturday night. That night he devotes to final preparation and thought for his work of the next morning, and his rule has been never to be at home after six o'clock on Saturday evening.

In that particular he is like the late Dr. John Hall, who would never allow himself to be seen on a Saturday night Doctor Parkhurst is a Presbyterian, and so was Doctor Hall —in fact, they were the two most distinguished Presbyterian ministers in the city.

About ten o'clock on a certain Saturday night a report came into a New York newspaper office that some body of Canadian Presbyterians had taken exception to passages in a book of Rev. John Watson's—Ian Maclaren—and that they even talked of forcing the matter into regular church proceedings against Doctor Watson on account of alleged heresy

Go and see Doctor Hall and Doctor Parkhurst," said a city editor to a reporter, "and get a full talk from them in regard to this."

The reporter knew very well that the city editor did not expect him to get those interviews, but was sending him on a "forlorn hope." But he merely took the assignment without any comments and went out.

He went first to the house of Doctor Hall on Fifth Avenue, that being the farther of the two from the office. He knew that if he sent up his card he would merely receive a message that Doctor Hall could not be seen. He decided therefore that the Doctor must be made to feel an interest in the information that he (the reporter) was to give.

The servant who opened the door recognized him as a newspaper man, and grinned. "You know the Doctor won't see you on Saturday night," she said.

"Just tell Doctor Hall," said the reporter, "that I have news of an intended trial for heresy of Ian Maclaren."

The servant took the message and in a few moments the giant form of Doctor Hall came hurrying down the stairs

"What's that about Ian Maclaren?" he cried

The reporter told him, and then got a good interview from him in regard to it.

Then to Doctor Parkhurst's house. Again the face of a servant who had frequently seen the reporter, and again the words, "You know the Doctor won't see you on Saturday night

But the newspaper man wrote on his card: "To tell you about a report of an intended trial for heresy of Ian Maclaren."

In a few moments Doctor Parkhurst's voice was heard. "Come right up here. Come right up to my study."

The news was told and the second interview gained.

The reporter was back at the newspaper office before midnight and walked up to the city editor's desk. That tired-faced man looked up.

I have been to see Doctor Hall and Doctor Parkhurst," said the reporter

"Wouldn't be seen, of course?" said the editor

"Got 'em both," said the reporter.

A Neatly Managed Law Case

General Edward Morrell, who has been serving his first term as one of the Congressmen from Philadelphia, is one of the best-dressed men in the House of Representatives. It is odd that three men who bear the distinction of being among the few best-dressed men of the Lower House are from Philadelphia. These are General Morrell, General Henry H. Bingham and Mr. Robert Adams, Jr.

General Morrell has several claims to distinction. He is a most distinguished looking man, and is the hero of a hundred parades, as his splendid horsemanship and tall figure make him an eminent feature whenever the National Guard turns out. He is known to society as an elegant host and one of its best cotillon leaders.

It is General Morrell's way that he should do things to surprise even his best friends, for he is among the class that says little about a thing until he does it.

It was just in this way that he got married. Mr. John G. Johnson, the lawyer, married Mrs. Morrell, the mother of Edward, and when the young man graduated from college his stepfather took him into the office to read law. After the young man had got along sufficiently to attend to small legal matters, Mr. Johnson sent him to see a wealthy Miss Drexel to straighten up some little trouble connected with her extensive property. Mr. Johnson gave the entire case to young Morrell in order to see how he would handle work.

After a few months a friend said to Mr Johnson: "That stepson of yours is a pretty clever youngster, isn't he? He not only is good looking, but he knows how to manage a law case also. He has handled that Drexel affair very neatly.

"Oh, there is nothing much in that case," answered Mr. Johnson; "he'll get very little out of it

"I don't know about that," said the man; "he is going to marry his client.

And so it was. Miss Drexel had that morning announced her engagement to Mr. Morrell.

Sir Evelyn Wood

Told About General Sir Evelyn Wood

The failing of deafness afflicts one of the great officials at the British War Office, the Adjutant General, Sir Evelyn Wood. Some little time ago Sir Evelyn was the honored guest of a certain literary club, and its chairman, in giving the toast of the evening, enlarged very properly on the many and great services of the distinguished General.

When Sir Evelyn got up to reply he began with, "That reminds me," and proceeded to tell a number of excellent stories, not one of which even remotely referred to the speech of introduction, of which he had not heard a single word

On another occasion a colleague who wished to discuss some important official business with him, arranged to dine with him at one of the military clubs. He had forgotten about the hardness of hearing and was obliged to raise his voice so high that every one's attention was attracted, and secrets would have leaked out had not the pair promptly retired to a more private apartment.

In all other respects Sir Evelyn Wood rejoices in unimpaired vitality. Always a fine horseman, he hunts still with all hounds that can be reached from London. He is also an enthusiastic cyclist and is often to be seen spinning along on his wheel.

The gallant General is also a devoted admirer of the *beau sexe*. Apropos of this a story is told which is worth repeating. One of Sir Evelyn's chief subordinates, after patient waiting, had at last got speech with him and was transacting business, when the door was thrown open wide and the messenger announced: "Mrs. X Y Z!'

The staff officer was obliged, of course, to gather up his papers and go, but on reaching the door he spoke sharply to the messenger who had introduced the lady so inopportunely.

"Mrs. X Y Z always has the *kentray!*" said the man loftily, as though he were speaking of Royalty

Sir Evelyn is not the only army officer who honors the fair sex. One day, when the Duke of Cambridge was Commander in-Chief, there was a meeting of the Army Board which deals with promotions, and when the name of the first man was mentioned the Duke protested that he had never even heard it

"Why, sir, he is Mrs. Smith's husband," said Sir Evelyn Wood

"What! That charming woman! Promote him by all means!"

Next came Jones, but the Duke had heard something of Jones, not in his favor.

"First-class officer," urged Sir Redvers Buller, "great student; has passed through the Staff College."

"Ah; to be sure!" cried the Duke. "I remember I knew there was something against him."

Last of all came Robinson, a good all-round officer, but with one serious defect; he was *deaf*.

"Dead!" interposed Sir Evelyn Wood "Then he does not want promotion."

A New Broom's Clean Sweep

Colonel E. D. Ward, the new Under Secretary of State of Great Britain, who took up his duties on the first of April, means to look very closely into the system of administration and especially with regard to the work done

There is a suspicion that many more clerks are kept than are wanted and that they help each other to gossip and waste time. Colonel Ward proposes to visit every room in the street —and the War Office occupies so many houses in Pall Mall that it is practically half one side of the street—and inquire personally into the business of every individual who has a desk in that particular room. It must be understood that although so overgrown, the pressure for space is so great within the War Office that four, five, even six clerks are located in one room.

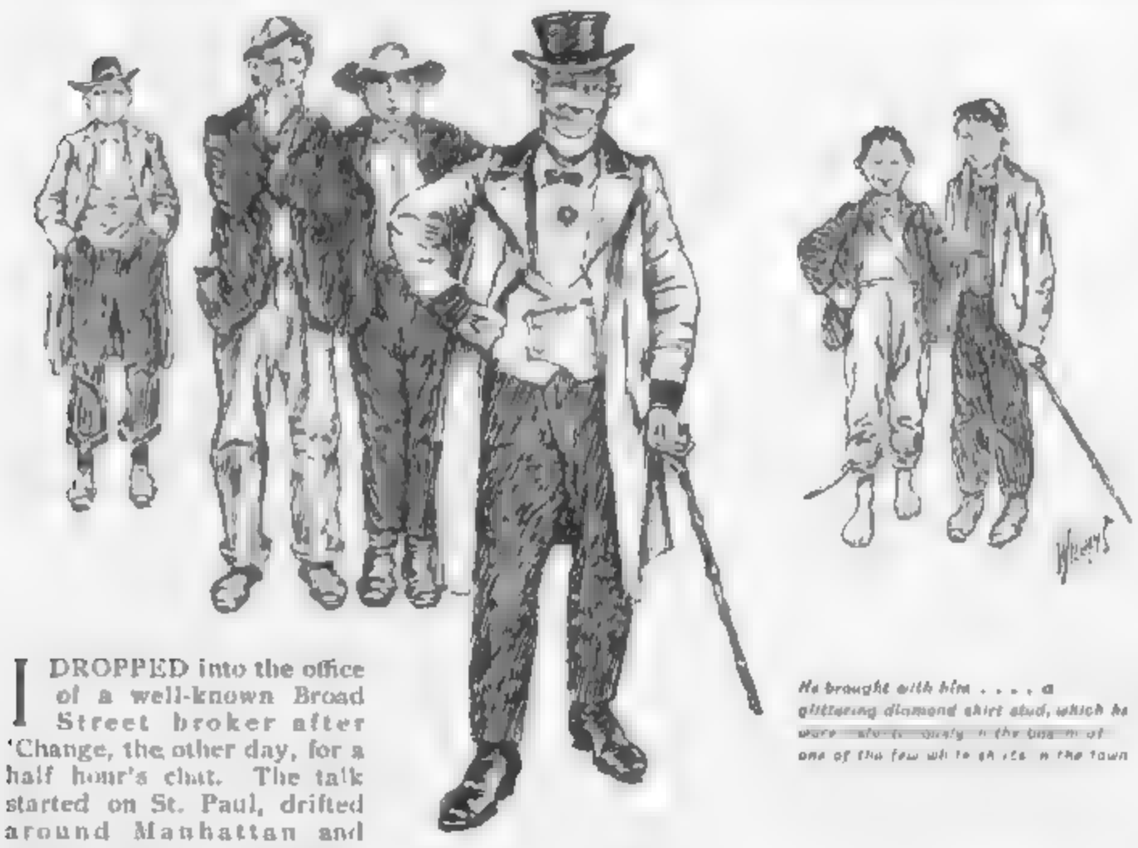
Until the other day the head of each room used to receive his friends and visitors inside it; now he has to come out into the corridor and stand there while he talks—a gentle hint, from superior authority, that callers during business hours are not in future to be encouraged

No doubt Colonel Ward will introduce many salutary reforms in carrying on work, for he has much practical knowledge, backed by considerable force of character.

The new Under Secretary served in the Soudan and in Ashanti, and has been decorated for notable service. He has also had experience in administrative work and is the author of a book on military matters. He is not quite fifty years of age.

Putter's First Speculation

By Charles Day Leonard



He brought with him . . . . a glittering diamond shirt stud, which he wore ostentatiously in the bosom of one of the few white shirts in the town

I DROPPED into the office of a well-known Broad Street broker after 'Change, the other day, for a half hour's chat. The talk started on St. Paul, drifted around Manhattan and Pressed Steel, and finally ended on the subject of brokers, and my friend mentioned the Wall Street house of Putter & Caller

"By the way," said he, "did I ever tell you about Henry Putter's first speculation? No? Well, it's a pretty good story and it's thoroughly characteristic of the man as he is to-day. Henry was about as clever forty years ago as he is now."

Putter was born in a small country town not many miles from Augusta, Maine. His father, Hiram, or, as he was generally called, "Hi" Putter, had spent the greater part of his life in a hard, uphill struggle with a small rocky farm, the net result being that the annual crop of rocks had slightly diminished and the annual crop of vegetables had slightly increased. Hi Putter kept a couple of horses, two or three cows, a pig or two, and some ten or twelve hens

There are two village groceries there now, but then there was only one, kept by a curious old character named Hart Johnson.

Hart Johnson posed as the local oracle, and it was at his store that the farmers from miles around would meet during the early evening to exchange views regarding the weather, the progress of the potato crop, the number of tons of hay which some meadow might be expected to yield, and kindred topics of agricultural interest. Hart Johnson made it a practice to go to Boston once a year to keep up his stock of groceries, and, as he expressed it, "spruce up a bit," relying during the balance of the year upon the mails and upon the occasional drummer who wandered into that part of the country

Upon returning from one of these annual pilgrimages he brought with him what proved to be thrice a nine days' wonder, in the shape of a glittering diamond shirt stud, which he wore ostentatiously in the bosom of one of the few white shirts in the town.

For a long time public opinion was fairly evenly divided as to whether the diamond was false or genuine; but the opinion of the doctor, the only person who could be presumed to have had any previous acquaintance with diamonds, being in favor of its genuineness, that was finally accepted as an ultimatum

This fact being satisfactorily established, the rustic congress commenced the appraisal of the stone, and finally settled upon forty dollars as a fair valuation. To spend forty dollars upon a mere personal decoration seemed, in their eyes, to be the height of extravagance and folly; but the fact was self-evident.

One rainy morning in the month of March, the one month in the year when the Maine farmer has a surplus of leisure time on his hands, a number of farmers had congregated at Johnson's store, holding down his cracker barrels and sampling his cheese and dried apples in an offhand manner to which he never dreamed of objecting.

Henry Putter was sitting in a back room, in rather close proximity to the molasses barrel, reducing an old shingle to a pile of shavings, when his father, "Hi," entered the store and, after exchanging greetings with those present, asked for some cracked corn for his hens

"Don't you calc'late its rather 'spensive feedin' chickens on corn?" asked one of those present. "I 'low my chickens kin hustle raound an' find 'bout all they needs themselves."

"Wal, yes, I s'pose 'tis," admitted Hi, "but I reckin they lay 'nough better to pay for't in the end."

"I'm pretty nigh 'bout aout o' cracked corn, Hi," interjected the storekeeper; "there ain't mor'n a few handfuls left in the bottom of the bar'l; but if that's any use to you, you kin hev it an' welcome."

"I'm much obleeged to ye, Hart. It'll give the chickens one feed, and'll hev to go until ye get some more."

As Hart Johnson leaned over the edge of the barrel to scrape up the little corn remaining, the diamond stud caught on the edge of the barrel and the stone slipped from its setting and disappeared in a crack in the floor, unperceived save by the sharp eyes of Henry Putter in the back room

Henry diplomatically said nothing, but waited the outcome and the possible reward to be offered for the recovery of the stone, and his father took the cracked corn and departed

The storekeeper busied himself for some time in a dark corner of the store before returning to his post of honor by the side of the stove, so that it was a number of minutes before the loss of the diamond was discovered. It was not long, however, after his return before the absence of the stone was noticed and a vigorous but unavailing search was instituted. Every improbable corner was explored, but the stone was not brought to light. Henry remained in his retreat without aiding in the search. At last the hunt was given up temporarily, and a council of war was held

"Beats all tarnation where the durned thing went to," exclaimed Johnson. "Reckin it must hev fallen into thet hen feed of Hi Putter's. Won't one of ye tend store half an hour till I go up an' see him?"

This was accepted by all as a probable solution of the mystery, but all present evinced a decided disinclination to "tend store," as all wished to accompany the unfortunate storekeeper on his quest

The matter was finally decided by locking up the store, and the whole party set out by the rather circuitous road for the farmhouse of Hi Putter

In the meantime Henry had seen what he judged to be the opportunity of his life and was already running as fast as his heels could carry him across lots toward his father's house. He reached the road just in time to obtain a ride with an Augusta provision dealer, who made semi-weekly trips through the country districts selling fresh meat and buying eggs, poultry and other supplies from the farmers

It was pure chance that threw this man in Henry's way, but young Putter lost no time in taking advantage of the opportunity and was soon dickering for the sale of a dozen dressed fowls, to be delivered at the next visit of the provision dealer. Henry did not know it, but, for the first time in his life, he was selling the market short

The deal was consummated just as the team reached his father's house, and, without wasting any time, Henry set about the next step in his little scheme. He found his father behind the barn surrounded by a flock of eleven scrubby hens and one old, lean Shanghai rooster, which were just devouring the last particles of the cracked corn which had aroused so much interest at the little country grocery. Henry lost no time in getting down to business

"Say, dad," he said, "what'll ye take for them hens?"

"Why, Henry, what on airth do you want of them chickens? You ain't got no use for 'em, and if ye had ye ain't got no money to pay for 'em"

"That's all right, dad. I'm in a hurry and I want them hens. I'll pay ye for 'em to-morrow, and you'll know why I wanted 'em in just about ten minutes. You just leave all this to me. Now, what'll ye take for 'em?"

"Wal, Henry, I don't know what on airth you be driving at. Them hens ain't wuth much, but if you're calc'lating to dress 'em an' sell 'em for poultry, I don't know that I want to make much out'n you. If you'll give me a half a dollar apiece for 'em to-morrow you kin hev 'em"

The bargain had hardly been sealed when the delegation from the corner store appeared upon the scene, somewhat the worse for the mud upon the country road. After a few desultory remarks, Hart Johnson broached the subject of the visit

"I wanted to speak to ye about the cracked corn ye just got, Hi," he said

"What's the matter with it?" inquired the elder Putter, somewhat anxiously. "Want no salt ner nothing in it, was there? 'Cause if there was them pesky hens hev just et the last of it."

Here was a complication in the situation which Mr. Johnson had not bargained for, but he inquired somewhat dubiously: "Say, Hi, what'll ye take fer them hens just as they be?"

"Sorry I can't obleege ye, Mr. Johnson, but the fact of the matter is thet they ain't my hens no longer. I've just sold 'em to Henry here."

Mr. Johnson turned his batteries in a new direction. He had not noticed Henry in the back room of the store during the hunt for the diamond and supposed that he had walked home with his father.

"Wal, Henry," he said, "what'll you take for 'em? I've calc'lated for some time that I needed a few more hens, an' these of your'n kinder take my eye."

"Wal, the fact of the matter is, Mr. Johnson, that I kinder tho't thet I'd go into the hen-raisin' business myself. These is mighty good hens and I don't b'leeve I care to sell 'em, anyway. If I do sell 'em what'll ye give me for 'em?"

"Wal, Henry, I dunno but its more'n they're wuth, but seein' it's you I'll give ye half a dollar apiece for 'em

"An' I'll give ye fifty-five cents apiece!" "An' I sixty!" interjected two of the farmers

Henry looked at them in well feigned amazement. "Seems ter me," he said, "that you people want these hens mighty bad all of a sudden. I dunno why you all want 'em, but if ye do, I'll tell ye what I'll do; I'll hev a vendoo right here an' now an' sell 'em off one on a time, only these is purty tollable fair hens an' I ain't a-goin' to sell none on 'em for less an seventy-five cents."

This proposal was received with great but disguised satisfaction by all excepting Johnson, but the sacred rights of the minority remained unrecognized, and the auction began

Henry started in chase of one of the hens while each of the farmers made a mental calculation. There were twelve fowls. That made one chance in twelve of each bird having a diamond in her crop. The diamond was supposed to be worth about forty dollars, therefore each chance was worth slightly over three dollars, with a little thrown in for luck

After a short chase Henry returned in triumph with his captive cackling and flapping her wings; and, with Henry acting as auctioneer, the sale began. The hen was a miserable, stunted little bird of some unknown mixture of breeds, but Mr. Johnson started the bidding at seventy-five cents. From this point it quickly went to one dollar; to a dollar and a quarter; a half; and then more slowly until it reached three dollars and twenty cents, at which price it was secured by Hart Johnson. All this was to the open

Bremner's Butter Wafers
The Daintiest Flakiest Thinnest of Biscuit
Baked to a turn and seasoned with just a suspicion of salt.
Made by National Biscuit Company

PARAFFINE WAX
Don't tie the top of your jelly and preserve jars in the old-fashioned way. Seal them by the new, quick, absolutely sure way—by a thin coating of pure, refined Paraffine Wax. Has no taste or odor. Is air tight and acid proof. Easily applied. Useful in a dozen other ways about the house. Full directions with each pound cake.
Sold everywhere.
Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

Spring Bed
IDEAL FOSTER'S
Spring Bed
Made for Wood or Metal Bedsteads
MONEY BACK IF DESIRED
Foster Bros. Mfg. Co., 6 Broad St., Utica, N. Y.

RUBIFOAM

Shields the teeth from decay

The breath also comes in for its share of benefit and is made pure and fragrant through the use of deliciously flavored

RUBIFOAM

Test its superiority by a trial.

SAMPLE VIAL FREE

Address
E. W. HOYT & CO.
LOWELL, MASS.

Price 25 Cents — At Druggists

Price $3.00

"SOLAR LAMPS."

THE KIND THAT SATISFY

FOR CYCLES AND AUTOMOBILES

ASK FOR CATALOGUE

BADGER BRASS MANUFACTURING CO., Kenosha, Wisconsin

RUSTIC Hickory Chairs

It is Old Hickory in name but New Hickory in fact; the toughest white hickory saplings, with bark left on, bent, by slow fire-toned curves by hand into comfortable shapes

Price of this Chair, $2.75; two for $5.00

Same Chair on Rockers, 50c Extra

FREIGHT PREPAID EAST OF THE ROCKIES

Your dealer keeps them; if not, send for Illustrated Catalogue, showing over 110 patterns of unique 20th Century Styles of Rockers, Settees, Tables and all kinds of Rustic Furniture for Lawns, Verandas, etc.; for Homes or Clubs. *Pretty Settee for $5.00.*

Dept. B, The Old Hickory Chair Co., Martinsville, Ind.

Acetylene Brilliance

Such as any Generator produces, is almost sunlight; surpassing any other known artificial light. The flame has neither smoke nor smell; and yields 25 candle power from each ½ ft. per hour burner.

The COLT Carbide Feed Generator

Is based on the correct principles; it is safe, it is simple, it is economical; endorsed by the Pennsylvania State Authorities; approved by scientists. Send for literature and our price list. $15 to $1000, 4 to 1000 lights.

THE J. B. COLT COMPANY
21 Barclay Street, Dept. G, New York
PHILADELPHIA, BOSTON, CHICAGO
Criterion Stereopticons Acetylene Search Lights

PATENTS

FRANKLIN H. HOUGH
Washington, D. C.
No Attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for "INVENTORS' GUIDE."

and undisguised astonishment of Putter, Sr., and to the apparent astonishment of Putter, Jr.

Henry was about to catch another hen and proceed with the sale when he was stopped by Mr. Johnson. Mr. Johnson said that if Henry was willing to wait a minute he would take the hen into the barn and find a meal sack to take her home in. A number of those present volunteered to help him, and the entire company, with the exception of Henry and his father, entered the barn and closed the door. A loud cackling was heard from the interior of the building and, shortly after, the delegation returned, the faces of all, excepting that of Mr. Johnson, being much elated while his was correspondingly much depressed. There were rather evident blood stains upon Mr. Johnson's hands.

Another bird was put up, another mental calculation gone through with, with a slightly different result, and after one of the farmers had bought the bird for a little less than three and a half dollars, another trip was made to the barn with a like result.

This process was repeated until only one hen and the rooster remained. Theoretically, on a forty dollar valuation those two birds were worth twenty dollars apiece, but the none too well lined purses of the farmers were becoming badly depleted, and Mr. Johnson secured the hen for a little over seven dollars—but still no diamond.

"Come to think on it," said Henry, "I don't b'leeve I'll sell thet rooster. He ain't good fer much and he eats more'n three hens put together, but I was always kinder sot on him and I guess I'll keep him."

Shanghai preferred appreciated several points.

"T'ain't right, Henry," interjected Johnson; "you 'greed ter vendoo the hull lot on 'em right here and it ain't right ter back out now. Is it?" he added, turning pathetically to the coterie from the store. The opinion of the farmers that it was not right was so evidently and so forcibly expressed that Henry proceeded to capture the rooster and the sale of the last of the dozen birds was soon in process.

It is probable that Henry and his father were the only persons in the crowd who were not morally certain that there was a diamond, supposed to be worth forty dollars, in the crop of that Shanghai, and more than one farmer was inwardly cursing his luck that he had not saved the money which he had spent on the headless bird which he held in his hand and had been able to apply it to the purchase of the bird which was at present being auctioned off.

Shanghai preferred appeared to be changing from a speculative gamble to a gilt-edged investment security.

Johnson allowed the farmers to outbid each other for some time, and it was not until a bid of nine dollars and seventy-five cents had been made, and it was a certainty that no farmer had more than that in his possession, that he raised the amount to ten dollars. This was the last cent of money which he had left after paying for his former purchases, but he diplomatically put on a bold front, as if his offer were backed by unlimited capital.

"Ten dollars is offered; do I hear 'leven? Ten an' a half? Ten an' a quarter? Gentlemen, please observe the merits of this beautiful Shanghai rooster; an' goin' so cheap"—the bird was not worth, intrinsically, thirty cents. "Only ten an' a quarter. Goin' to Mr. Johnson at ten dollars. Goin' to Mr. Johnson at ten dollars. Goin', goin', an'—oh, say, by the way, gentlemen, why don't a few of ye get together and form a little pool—put yer money together and buy this little bird? Then ye can all get together and have a nice pot roast of chicken!" The antiquated bird could not have fed a hungry cat.

The suggestion was eagerly seized upon and several of the farmers contributed their quota toward the amount necessary to cover Johnson's ten-dollar bid. The spokesman of the pool offered ten dollars and a quarter and Henry looked inquiringly in the direction of Johnson.

"Say, Henry," said the latter, "if you want to trust me for half a dollar I'll—"

"Sorry, but I can't do it, Mister Johnson. Ye know I said I'd make a cash transaction out o' this. Goin', goin', and gone to Mr. Willis and friends. Ten dollars an' a half please, gentlemen, before I give ye the bird."

For the last time the door of the barn opened. The last of the fowls was successfully guillotined, the last crop was examined, and—no diamond.

Johnson lost his temper. "Ye durned little rascal!" he cried, grasping Henry by the collar. "What ye done with my diamond?"

"Your diamond!" he exclaimed; then, as a light appeared to break on his perplexed brain: "Oh, yes! come to think on it, I saw it roll into a crack pretty nigh your box of 'taters down to the store. Meant to hev told ye about it, but I forgot it."

For a few moments Henry was in danger of being brought before Judge Lynch, but the humor of the situation began to spread over the gathering, especially over those who had not purchased any hens, and Henry escaped.

"Wal, I'm hanged ef I know what ter do with this bird now I've got it," said one of the farmers; "reckin yer don't want ter buy it back ag'in, do ye, Henry?"

"Wal, I don't know as I've got much use for it dead," said Henry, "but seein' it's you I'll give yer forty cents ef ye want it."

The upshot of the matter was that Henry succeeded in buying back the entire lot of hens at a uniform price of forty cents, and afterward disposed of them to the Augusta dealer for sixty cents.

And that was Putter's first speculation.

Mortgaging the Bad Lands

IN CONSEQUENCE of the abandonment of lands in the arid region there is now a deserted belt, on which are situated empty towns and vacant homesteads. New England, which has lent most of the money for the building of the West, lost enormous sums by the desertion of these farms. The shrewd New Englanders had for so long a period found excellent security and high interest-paying investments in Western farm mortgages, that, being ignorant of arid-land conditions, they readily offered their cash to help the settlers of the plains. In many cases clever swindlers, realizing what was sure to happen, took up homesteads merely for the purpose of putting mortgages on them, after which they abandoned them.

"Ten dollars is offered; do I hear 'leven?"

"All of the Wheat that's fit to eat"

Bread Made From Franklin Mills Flour — A Fine Flour of the Best of the Wheat

The starchy part of Wheat

adulterated with bran and "middlings," may be called a "whole wheat flour," and many mixtures of this sort are sold as such, but they are not fit food for the human stomach. The woody outer hull of the wheat berry is retained in these mixtures and these hulls are not only indigestible but irritate the delicate linings of the stomach and bowels.

Franklin Flour by an exclusive patented process, retains every portion of the wheat except this outer woody shell.

It is of as fine and velvety a texture as any white flour and more than twice as nourishing, retaining all of the rich, nut-like flavor of the hard wheat kernel.

Franklin Flour *is sold by Grocers generally in original packages from 6 1-8 lbs to full barrels of 196 lbs.*

WRITE FOR BOOKLET TO
The Franklin Mills Co., Lockport, N. Y.

ALL THE WAY FROM JAVA

comes the Kapok, from which we manufacture our celebrated

"Ezybed"

Kapok Resilient Mattress

It is a fine, light, silky fibre from the *Eriodendron Anfractuosum* tree. It makes the most hygienic mattress. Its natural properties repel all vermin. It is cooler than cotton, which cannot be said of any other mattress. People suffering from rheumatism, aggravated by sleeping on a damp mattress, find relief by using the "EZYBED" RESILIENT MATTRESS. It does not lump or pack down like cotton and makes a delightfully soft, dry mattress. We ship anywhere on Thirty Days' Trial. Sleep on one 30 nights and if not satisfactory return it to us free of all expense to you. Write for our free booklet, sent together with sample of Kapok we send on 50 cents for mailing and we will send you prepaid a sofa or couch pillow 20 inches square.

THE BOHNERT-BRUNSMAN COMPANY
Dept. M, Cincinnati, Ohio

B. ELDREDGE AUTOMATIC

The Best All-Around Family Sewing Machine Made.

Easy Running. High Speed. Simple and Silent.

SOLD AT A REASONABLE PRICE AND FULLY GUARANTEED

Send for Circular.

NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE COMPANY
BELVIDERE, ILL.

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Double Your Salary

THAT'S what you can do if you read The Counter every month. It's the salespeople's own magazine. It's a mint of information that's worth dollars to you.

The Counter

SPECIAL OFFER
Send 10c to-day for three months' trial subscription
THE COUNTER, 200 Greene Street, New York

Young Men Wanted to Learn Telegraphy

Railroad Accounting, etc. Connected with Railroads. All graduates placed in positions. Write for Catalogue.

MORSE SCHOOL OF TEL., Shelbyville, Ky., or Oshkosh, Wis.

"KODAK"

Stands for all that is Best in Photography

To the perfection of Kodak construction, to the perfection of the Kodak mechanism, to the perfection of the Kodak lenses, is due the

Triumph of Kodakery

All Kodaks load in Daylight with our Transparent Film Cartridges. Several styles use either films or plates. Sixty-four page catalogue, describing them in detail, free at the Kodak dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

EASTMAN'S
WD
Platinum
Paper

Not only "like platinum" but *"is Platinum"*

Prints quickly; develops in hot water and clears in acid and water. Rich and brilliant in its effects.

Simplest *for the* Amateur

For sale by all dealers

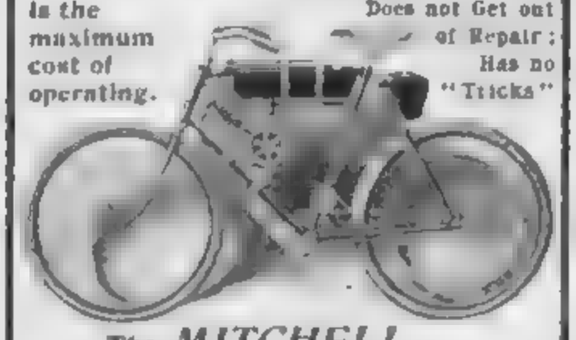
Sample print by mail for three two-cent stamps.

Eastman Kodak Co.
Rochester, New York

50 Miles for 10 cts

Is the maximum cost of operating.

Does not Get out of Repair; Has no "Tricks"



The MITCHELL
Motor Bicycle

makes an average of 50 miles an hour over almost any sort of

PERFECT SAFETY

FULLY GUARANTEED. Information sent free.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
WISCONSIN WHEEL WORKS, Dept. E, Racine, Wis.

Use the "Kute" and have No more Stepmothers

Or bangtails and rugged athletes alike a perfect seat-fit. Illustration "How to fit Your Own" sent with each instrument. $1.00 the outfit. Postage prepaid. Agents.

The "Kute" 830 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila., Pa.

A Business Gentleman

By Frank W. Thomas

INSEPARABLE from the recollections of my earliest business experiences is the memory of genial, kindly, yet shrewd old Henry Morris. Courtly in manner tender-hearted as a woman, yet inflexible in his ideas of honor and honesty, he was a typical gentleman of the old school

For a number of years he lunched at the same table with several other young men and myself, where, little by little, through our daily noon-time discussions, I gathered those ideas and opinions which constituted his exceptionally high-minded philosophy of business

"My boy," said he, in one of the early days of our acquaintance, "there are gentlemen enough in this world, so that you need never do business with any others." This remark was called forth by my complaints about the unsatisfactory character of some of my customers. He went on to say: "Some day, when you have been in business longer, you will be able to select your trade and can then avoid such people."

Coming, as this statement did, at a time when my sign was yet new and an order of any kind from any one seemed a prize, it made a great impression on me. In reply to my expressed surprise he said

Do Business Only with Gentlemen

"I make it a rule never to do business with a man who is not at heart a gentleman, and though I know that I have made money by that policy, it is not by any means for that reason alone that I believe in it The majority of a man's waking hours are spent in his office, and he should study to have his time as free as possible from annoyances which will really do more to wear him out than much hard work. There is no reason why any man of even moderate ability should not be able to secure an ample amount of business from people whom he can respect and with whom it is a real pleasure to deal. The great majority of men are gentlemen, and you do not need to have your whole satisfaction in your business tainted by the bickerings and petty tricks of the few who are not. It is far better to get rid of them entirely. I have in mind a professional acquaintance who has a number of impecunious and disagreeable clients who are always in the way when I go to see him. I have not the slightest doubt but that they have disaffected and turned away many others who would have been good clients."

"But," said I, "orders are so difficult to get that it seems to me that I cannot afford to lose the influence of any person whatever."

"Well," he replied, "there are some people whose recommendation is worse than nothing. Not only is their own business undesirable, but that which they might influence for you is more than likely to be of the same character. The old saying that a man is known by the company he keeps is quite as true of his business associates as of the companions of his leisure hours. You would not jeopardize your social position by spending your spare time with men of the lower sort, and it is quite as important not to prejudice good trade by bringing it in contact with the other kind. This discrimination is what gives every business house its standing, and it is either good or bad just in proportion as the discrimination is wisely exercised

"It is but natural to worry in the face of a lack of orders, and the temptation to accept business which one knows to be undesirable is often very strong; yet in most cases these fears are more imaginary than real. If you are doing business honestly and treating your customers properly, you will get your share of the trade, and you should never allow your better judgment to be biased by a temporary dull time. Let the other fellow have the worthless customers and you will have time and opportunity to secure the better class A man who is always rushed has no time to plan. A breathing spell gives opportunity for thought and is often more profitable than constant work

The Demand for Gentlemen in High Places

"I know a manufacturer who took a large order from a firm whose business methods were not any too straightforward, and he now finds that owing to a tricky wording of the contract—to the technical letter of which they hold him—he will lose money. He knew their disposition to plan for unfair advantages, but his factory was short of work, and he lacked the nerve to hold out for the kind of business which his acquaintance and reputation really insured to him. Shortly after closing this deal he was obliged to refuse a profitable order from one of his best customers because of his inability to handle both contracts within the time limit. Such instances are of daily recurrence, and this weakness of men is constantly taken advantage of by overshrewd buyers to get more than they are fairly entitled to

"My boy, don't give up to the temptation. Choose your customers. Strive for the acquaintance and trade of gentlemen, deserve it and it will come to you. Don't be discouraged by a little waiting, for there is a compensating future in such business.

"Did you ever stop to think that this matter of the character of one's associates very nearly decides the current of a man's life and the measure of his success? We say there is no caste in this country, and yet that is not true nor will it ever be, for there will always be gentlemen—and others

"By associating with gentlemen a man becomes more of one himself, and his ideals and actions reach a higher plane. It is no longer allowable to be blunt and gruff, or even small and grasping in business. Men have come to know that the true sources of profit lie in the economical arrangement of facilities, in the use of ingenious mechanical inventions, and in the advantages that result, even in the professions, from a high degree of specialization—rather than in getting the half cent out of their customers. Gentlemen are nowadays offered positions which others cannot get by begging for them, and they draw larger salaries. Even monopolies recognize that courtesy pays dividends, and they select their officials and gauge their salaries to no slight extent on this basis

Courtesies that will Pay Big Dividends

"The small courtesies of business are worth their weight in gold. A polite acknowledgment of a favor shows appreciation and cements friendship. A word of commendation for conscientious work brings more of it. Taking time to be cordial, even when there is no immediate profit in sight, is an investment never lost. I remember a manufacturer upon whom I called in New York. I told him there was nothing he could sell to me then, and perhaps there never would be, yet he invited me to his private office, where we had a pleasant ten-minute smoke and chat. He impressed me as being a thorough business gentleman, and it has since been a pleasure to me to send my friends to him and to place considerable business with him myself"

One of the young men at our table one day asked: "Well, Mr. Morris, how do you know a gentleman when you see him? You say you never do business with any others. Are you able to recognize them at a glance?"

Plastic Pictures

Pictures with life and realism in them, with any kind of a camera, at any speed from the slowest to the fastest, on dark days or bright days, in the rain, at night, *if* you use the wonderful new

BAUSCH & LOMB
Plastigmat *f-6.8* Lens

Supplied on all Cameras
All dealers sell them.
Lens Booklet Free.

Bausch & Lomb Opt. Co.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
New York Chicago

Photo from life. Copyrighted by Curtis Studio.

Lucky Dog

THE ABOVE cut gives but a very inadequate idea of this beautiful picture of a lovely girl caressing her favorite puppy; but, when reproduced on genuine platinotype paper, retains a softness of light and shade that appears life like.

We offer the above reproduction, 7 x 9 inches, carefully mounted and securely packed, sent prepaid, for $1.00. The same, hand colored, $2.00. Either of the above suitably framed, $1.00 additional.

Complete Catalogue of Beacon Hill Prints, 5 Cents

Celebrity Photo and Art Co., 256 Boylston Street, Boston

However small your prospective painting may be, you should know about

PATTON'S SUN PROOF PAINTS

the paint that is guaranteed *five years*, but outlives the guarantee.

Free book about paints and painting, color combinations, etc., *free* on request

PATTON PAINT COMPANY,
281 Lake Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

IT IS THE MORROW

Rest as You Ride

THE MORROW
Coaster Brake

[illegible] ring. Fits any wheel. Your [illegible] control. Security on hills. A [illegible] the level. You Ride 50 Miles, but Pedal only 25 Miles.

[illegible] 410 2nd Avenue, Elmira, N. Y.

Above Comparison Beyond Competition

The Firearm with a world-wide reputation.

POLICEMEN, DETECTIVES and all others desiring a reliable Firearm use the **IVER JOHNSON.**

Absolutely Safe
Accidental Discharge Impossible

22 or 32 Caliber, 5-Shot Chamber, 2 inch Barrel, Nickel-plated Finish.

Hammer, $4.50. Hammerless, $5.50.

Small extra charge for 4-in., 5-in. or 6-in. barrel or blued finish.

If your local dealer can't supply you we will send either style to any address in the United States, prepaid, cash with order.

Iver Johnson's Arms and Cycle Works
Fitchburg, Mass., U. S. A.
Manufacturers of the well-known Iver Johnson Bicycles, Guns and Revolvers.
New York Salesrooms, 99 Chambers Street
Established 1871. Catalogues Free.

A COLLEGE IN YOUR COTTAGE

Law, Illustrating, Newspaper Sketching, Pharmacy, Medical Branches, Journalism

Thoroughly taught by our new, clear, concise system of correspondence instruction —

Teaching and Reciting by Mail

Foremost professional correspondence schools. Long experience; ample means. ENROLL NOW. Write today for Catalogue of course desired.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS (Incorporated)
11 S. Penn. St., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

The University Preparatory School

ITHACA, N. Y.

Prepares for all courses of Cornell University. Certificate has been accepted since 1895. **Boarding** and **Day** Departments. **Complete Home.** Regent's Certificates in **Law** and **Medicine.** *SUMMER TERM* from July 16 to Sept. 15. *FALL TERM* opens Sept. 26 for year 1901-'02.

Of the school, **President Schurman** says:
"I give most cheerful testimony to the high quality of work done in your school. The excellent management and complete curriculum render it a most desirable preparatory school for the University."

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Chas. A. Stiles, B. S., Headmaster, Ave. E, Ithaca, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Crayon, Pastel, Water Color, Miniatures and Illustrating Taught by Mail

Comprehensive professional and amateur instruction. Tuition fees reduced by products of student's skill. A fertile field for woman's effort. Full particulars upon request to the

American School of Art and Photography
Incorporated **Box 1006, Scranton, Pa.**

The Annapolis, West Point and Military School Hand Book

Congressman Nevin, of Ohio, says: "This work has given me some information I have been seeking ever since I was elected to Congress and have been unable to obtain until your book came to hand." Applicants for appointments will find all necessary information in this book. Price, postpaid—boards 50 cents, cloth 75 cents. **ROYAL PUBLISHING CO., 444 W. Main St., Louisville, Ky.**

PHARMACY Teaching and Reciting BY MAIL

A complete Pharmaceutical Education; prepares for registered Pharmacist or advanced standing in resident colleges. Diploma granted. Best course. Use spare hours. Begin now. Write to-day for catalogue and full particulars. **National Correspondence School of Pharmacy, 11 N. Penn St., Indianapolis, U. S. A.**

MONTCLAIR Military Academy

We prepare for any college, government academy or business. Small classes. Large gymnasium. Healthful location. Address for catalogue:

JOHN G. MacVICAR, A. M., 1 Walden Place, Montclair, New Jersey

"Knots" For Advertisers: Adv. Ed. Cheap by 1000. 100 Catch Problems and Answers, 10c. "Mental Nuts," 100 Puzzlers, 10c. 5 of each (10 books), 50c.; 100, $3. *Jobbing and Retail Novelty Lists Free.*

A. C. SMITH, Box 572 D, Windsor, Ont., Canada

"My boy," said he (he called us all his boys), "probably I should have said that I never do business with a man after I find out that he is not a gentleman. And yet that thought is always uppermost in my mind and I am seldom deceived. It does not do to be too suspicious, for it spoils one's own peace of mind, and we must therefore admit that all men are gentlemen until they are proven otherwise; but some of them will bear taking on approval.

"There are many false standards of gentility. Do you see that old man who just took a seat at the end table? His clothes are not very genteel and he does not seem to care whether his hat is in style or not. He rides downtown every morning with one of the men who drives a delivery wagon for him. Probably he would not appear to be a gentleman to many young men who think that good dressing is the hall-mark of gentility. And yet he is a gentleman; no kinder heart than his ever beat; no one of the scores of men who work for him has a serious trouble that he does not know; his sympathies and his check-book have helped many of them through trying times. His mind is too full of greater things to pay much attention to the creases in his trousers, yet he has not that morbid aversion to good clothes affected by some rich men. Only a short time ago I met him at an evening company, and he wore as stylish a dress-suit as any of you young men possess. He knows that there are certain places where the amenities of custom and good form require that a man should be well dressed; but, in a business way, it is well to remember that good clothes fit quite as well on a rascal as on a gentleman, and hence are not a guide to character. That old man is a valued customer of mine. I do not recollect that he has ever asked me the price of anything he has bought from me, or at any rate only in a casual way. I have his confidence, which is merely another way of saying that he believes me to be a gentleman, and knows that I will treat him fairly.

Good Clothes a Poor Test of Character

"Nor can you know a gentleman by the mere external polish of his manner. A bland smile and an engaging bow do not constitute true politeness. I recall a man whose manners are polished and whose language is elegant and apparently sincere. On superficial judgment he would pass for a gentleman, but he is not; for I have learned that at heart he is unprincipled.

"A real gentleman has a true and sympathetic heart and believes in the other man's chance as well as his own. It is a pleasure to meet him anywhere, and most of all in business; for it is there that he stands the supreme test—the ability to see with the same eyes the dollar coming in and the dollar going out. Show me such a business gentleman and I will show you a man who is a peer of peers.

"You perhaps remember the sale of one of our concerns to a trust, which made the purchase to antagonize a competitor; but possibly you do not know that the trust offered a magnificent price to the holders of a majority of the shares in that company, ignoring the smaller owners. The heavy stockholders, realizing that in the struggle which was to come between the opposing trusts the value of the small holdings would be lessened, if not destroyed, refused to sell unless the smaller stockholders were also bought out on the same basis as themselves. In the slightly reduced price agreed upon for the whole of the stock the heavy holders realized many thousands of dollars less than they would have received had they not exercised this consideration for their smaller partners. That was a splendid illustration of my idea of business gentlemen.

"Men show their character in little things. I know a merchant who is continually swearing at his '——— cheap help.' It was no surprise to me to hear of two of his men being instructed to carry out a defective mattress, and to load it on a farmer's wagon with the torn side down, so that when the purchaser should find the tear he would think it had been done by the jolting of the wagon.

"There is an almost indefinable something about every man which stamps him as belonging to one class or the other. You need not know him long to get him properly classified. Some little thing that he will do or say will place him. This is especially true if you are watching for such signs.

Attention to Your Letters is Worth While

"You may come to know a man whom you have never seen by his letters. I recall a gentleman who handled the correspondence of a Chicago firm with which I dealt at one time. His letters, while thoroughly businesslike, were so courteous and manifestly written in such a kindly spirit, with always some little personal allusion deftly inserted, that I instinctively felt the personality of the man who dictated them. I had him pictured in my mind as one of those genial, whole-souled men who would have a moment in his busiest day to drop his work and give you a cordial hand-shake and a smile and word of welcome. Afterward, when I met him, he was just as my imagination had pictured him."

"Mr. Morris," said another of the young men one day, "I cannot make your theories work at all. If I should shut off all of my customers who are not up to your ideals, there would not be a baker's dozen left."

"My boy," he replied, "you are mistaken. I know a great many of your customers who are gentlemen. You have perhaps taken too seriously the mere eccentricities and occasional moments of irascibility which are common to all. You will remember that I said that I did not do business with any one who was not *at heart* a gentleman. Perfection does not exist in this world, and the business man must be full of tact. There are times to resent an uncalled-for criticism and there are times when it should be passed over as the unintentional affront of an irritable moment. Every customer has his little peculiarities which must be humored. You should not expect every one to look at things from exactly your point of view. Business is full of difficulties which harass even the best of men into a temporary streak of meanness, but you must not mind that. They get over it and are gentlemen again next morning.

Do Not Be Rude Even to the Boorish

"There is one thing, however, which you should never forget. If *you* are a gentleman it is very difficult for the other man not to be also. Have you not noticed that many men are overbearing and tyrannical with some people, yet deferential with others? They argue and haggle about prices with some but not with others. When once a man understands that you are a gentleman and that you expect him to be one, he will be, if it is in him at all. Politeness is often the shrewdest thing a man can use even in dealing with dishonesty. A friend in a wholesale business told me of a customer who made a claim for goods damaged in transit which seemed grossly exaggerated, and he was convinced that the allowance demanded was largely, if not altogether, unwarranted. Instead of getting into an unprofitable controversy over the matter, he wrote a very polite letter to the customer, expressing his regret at the mishap and stating that he did not wish any of his goods to go on sale in other than perfect condition, and that he would appreciate it if the entire lot were returned to be replaced with fresh goods. He had a shrewd notion that the return of the goods in the damaged condition claimed was an impossibility, and, sure enough, back came a letter saying that on further examination the damage had been found too slight to be of moment."

Such were the leading points in the business ethics of Henry Morris. Some of his views may have been extreme, but he made business a pleasure to himself and to all with whom he came in contact.

It has always seemed to me that it would be of immense advantage to every young man in business if he could have burned into his mental vision and made a part of his daily thought that one sentence which was the keynote of Henry Morris' philosophy, and which so impressed me that a dozen years have not dulled my recollection of it:

"There are gentlemen enough in this world, so that you need never do business with any others."

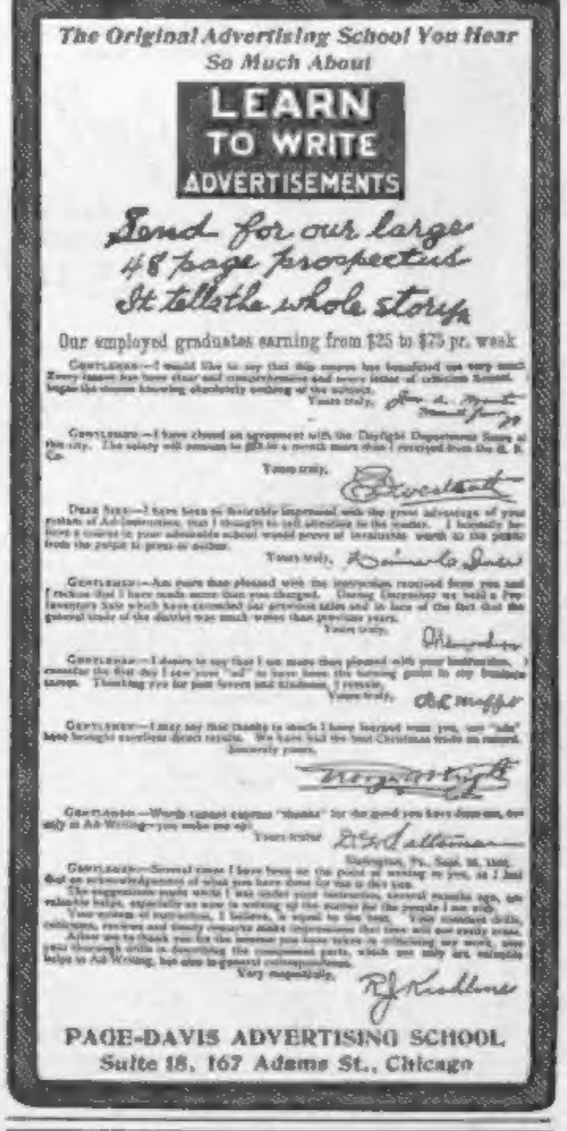
Page-Davis School of ADVERTISING

The Original Advertising School You Hear So Much About

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Send for our large 48 page prospectus. It tells the whole story.

Our employed graduates earning from $25 to $75 per week



PAGE-DAVIS ADVERTISING SCHOOL
Suite 18, 167 Adams St., Chicago

Dearborn Typewriter Cabinet

Made in golden or antique oak; strong and handsome. Adapted to any make of typewriter; protects it from dust and breakage. Charges prepaid to any place East of Rocky Mountains. We send on approval and pay return charges if not satisfactory. **Price, $24.**

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

DEARBORN DESK CO., Birmingham, Ala.

Salaried Positions for Learners

Our new free circular points out the direct way to a well-paid place in **Civil, Mechanical** or **Electrical Engineering,** or **Architecture.** Qualify yourself quickly for a position where you can earn while you learn. We also teach by mail Steam Engineering; Drawing; Chemistry; Telegraphy; Teaching; Stenography; Book-keeping; English Branches. When writing state subject in which interested.

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.
Established 1891. Capital $1,500,000.

ADVERTISING TAUGHT BY MAIL

By the most successful ad. writers of Chicago's great stores. Men or women eligible. Three months' course. Prospectus on application.

Chicago Correspondence College of Advertising
Suite F, 611 Isabella Building CHICAGO

The Bliss Electrical School

Offers a practical course in applied electricity, complete in one year. Opens September 25th. Catalog on application to **L. Denton Bliss, Principal, 614 13th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.**

The Improved
BOSTON GARTER
The Standard for Gentlemen
ALWAYS EASY

The Name "BOSTON GARTER" is stamped on every loop.

The Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, tears nor unfastens
Every Pair Warranted
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sample Pair, Silk 50c. Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.
Geo. Frost Co., Makers Boston, Mass.

FOR MASONS
The American Tyler
The only Masonic journal covering the whole field of Masonry.
June 15 number contains: **New York Letter** by **Hon. Peter Ross, LL.D.**, grand lodge historian; sketches of such prominent Masons as **Hon. J. H. Bromwell**, of Ohio; **Governor Stone**, of Pennsylvania; illustrated articles on Masonic charitable institutions, etc.
Published 1st and 15th of each month.
$2.00 per annum
Send 10c. for sample copies.
THE AMERICAN TYLER, Detroit, Mich.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL
We ship our wheels anywhere on approval *without a cent deposit* and allow 10 days free trial. You take absolutely **no risk** in ordering from us.
1901 MODELS best makes $10 to $18
'99 & '00 MODELS high grade $7 to $12
1000 SECOND-HAND WHEELS, all makes and models, good as new, $3 to $8. *Great factory cleaning sale at half factory cost.*
Agents Wanted in every town. We furnish wheel and catalogs to distribute. You can make $10 to $30 a week as our Agent. Write at once for catalogs and our Special Offer.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 117 K, Chicago

The Ideal Steam Cooker
Cooks a whole meal over one burner, on *gasoline, oil, gas, or common cook stove.*
Reduces Fuel Bills One-half
Bakes tough meats tender. Prevents steam and odors. Will hold 12 one-quart jars in canning fruits. **Whistle** blows when Cooker needs more water. The food is cooked under **pressure** by steam generated from **sterilized** water. Send for illustrated catalogue. *It's free on request.* Agents Wanted.
TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 12, Toledo, Ohio

Patented Jan. 22, 1900.

Ohio Steam Cooker

Cooks a whole meal over one burner on any kind of stove; makes summer cooking a pleasure; has steam whistle; GREAT SAVING IN FUEL, PROVISION AND LABOR. No interchange of odors or tastes in the food. Copper bottom and sides, a feature not in other Cookers. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE sent FREE of charge. Special Offer to Good Agents
OHIO STEAM COOKER CO., 56 Ontario Bldg., Toledo, Ohio

A Perfect Form

Send for the "Standard Chart of Physical Culture." Hang it on the wall of your bedchamber. It shows by carefully prepared illustrations and instructions how to develop your body to the ideal of perfection. Sent for 10 cents in stamps or silver. State sex.
5th Ave. School of Physical Culture
Dept. L, 114 Fifth Ave., New York

Spitting Bill

The Wonderful Surprise Clown. This is a handsome scarf pin—with a tiny rubber hose running to a bulb in your pocket. Fill with water or cologne and give your friends the surprise of their lives. Squirts 20 feet. 20 cents postpaid. 3 for 50 cents.
NOVELTY SUPPLY COMPANY
78 Dearborn Street, Chicago

Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

More Fun from Penelope

Penelope has reached Ireland (*Penelope's Irish Experiences; by Kate Douglas Wiggin: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*). This was inevitable, in view of the amusing nature of her experiences in England and Scotland. There is still Wales left—and possibly she may be persuaded to cross the channel.

Penelope is admirably fitted for her rôle of traveler and *raconteuse*. She has a confirmed habit of observation, a lively sense of humor, and an enviable faculty of starting fresh for each new country she visits. Everything is charmingly unfamiliar to her. She had delightful difficulty, one remembers, eating her first English eggs out of their shells; whereas to most of us this is an event made hopelessly dull by reiteration from infancy.

Then, again, things happen to her that do not happen to ordinary tourists—such as the rescue and adoption of Benella—and while these adventures may have been irritating at the time, they make valuable "copy" afterward. The absurdities, rather than the pleasures of life, awaken our interest and regard. We sympathize, too, with her ready and justifiable emotions, with the "national, political and historical tears" she is ever prompt to shed—especially when the Queen drives through Dublin town.

"There was a woman near us who 'remimbered the last time Her Noble Highness come, thirty-nine years back—Glory be to God, thim was the times!' and who kept ejaculating: 'She's the best woman in the wurrld, bar none, and the most varchous faymale!' As her husband made no reply, she was obliged in her excitement to thump him with her umbrella, and repeat: 'The most varchous faymale, do you hear?' At which he retorted: 'Have conduct, woman; sure I've nothin' agin it.'"

Above all, Penelope being determined to enjoy "experiences," sallies forth frankly in search of them; leaving a comfortable hotel—or what passes for a comfortable hotel in Ireland—and establishing herself courageously in the midst of dirt and disorder, that she may see "the rale thing." This is enterprising, and it is also conscientious. It is what people who write books about a country ought to do, but generally shirk doing. Moreover, nothing is more wholesome than a brief exchange of national characteristics. We Americans are so highly developed on what Penelope nicely calls "the train-catching side" of our hurried lives, that we can hardly do better than sojourn briefly in lands where time-tables are of no importance to anybody. "Trains is like misfortunes," says the philosophical Mr. Brodigan; "they never come singly, ma'am. Wherever there's a station, the trains do be dhroppin' in now and again, and what's the differ which of thim you take?"

"The man who is waiting for you at the other end of the line may not agree with you," suggests Penelope feebly.

"Sure, a man can always amuse himself in a town, ma'am. If it's your own business you're coming on, he knows you'll find him; and if it's his business, then begorra, let him find you!" —*Agnes Repplier.*

The Work of a Sky Pilot

A forthcoming new book by Ralph Connor, the author of Black Rock and The Sky Pilot, is announced. In this we are promised a glimpse into the author's boyhood life in Glengarry, where his father had a mission charge, in what was at that time a newly-settled country, and where he and his brothers had several miles of unbroken forest to traverse each day on their way to school.

Ralph Connor is the Rev. Charles W. Gordon, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, who began his professional career as a home missionary in the Northwest. He so loves the life of that region that, although calls have come to him from Eastern churches, he has thus far refused to consider them. His present church was started as a mission a few years ago in a new part of Winnipeg, but it now numbers several hundred members.

Mr. Gordon is Secretary of the Home Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, and it was through a desire to arouse the people to a realization of the need of home mission work that he wrote the first sketches of Black Rock; and they resulted (to his own great surprise) in launching him in literature and making him famous.

In his work he generally has a well-defined plan in his mind when he begins to write, but the characters often run away with him, so that the outcome may be altogether different from what he first intended. When the inspiration is on him he writes until compelled to stop from sheer physical exhaustion.

He is cordial and approachable in manner and is an athlete and fond of all outdoor sports. He can handle any sort of a horse, is fond of rowing, fishing, hunting and wheeling, and as a university student played quarter-back on the football team.

He is extremely modest about his work and his literary success. This was rather amusingly evident at a recent public reading of parts of The Sky Pilot. Mr. Gordon wished to occupy a back seat at the entertainment but his friends insisted upon his going forward. His embarrassment was quite apparent, and he expressed himself afterward as being quite shocked because his father (a fine, picturesque old Highlander), who sat beside him, could not hide his appreciation, and, indeed, made no attempt to, but insisted upon making interjaculatory remarks to the embarrassed author as the reading progressed, besides showing in every feature a father's pride in the work of his son.

The Man with the Speech

Mr. Edwin Markham, the poet, is now known among literary friends in the new rôle of an impresario. He won his laurels at an informal literary evening at the charming New York home of Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart. The evening was in honor of Miss Caroline Lewis Gordon, of Georgia, who has a wonderful gift for singing darky hymns and all the music connected with the customs of the plantation negro. Among the guests were Mr. William Dean Howells, Mr. Henry M. Alden, and Mr. Thomas Nelson Page.

Miss Gordon said that she had to be introduced with a neat little speech, leading up to her work. Each man declared he couldn't do it, and then Mr. Markham announced that he should dearly like to try, though it was his first attempt at that sort of thing.

When Miss Gordon finished, the applause was so enthusiastic that she started to give an encore, when Mr. Markham insisted that he must make another speech. Eleven times the jolly company called Miss Gordon out on the floor, and eleven times did Mr. Markham insist upon making a presentation speech.

He wouldn't be called off; and his speeches became so delightfully funny that the guests wouldn't let either of the entertainers alone. Mr. Howells suggested that Miss Gordon engage Mr. Markham at once as her impresario, because he never would let her refuse an encore. In response to the eleventh call Miss Gordon declared that she believed Mr. Markham had a method in his madness, because he believed that finally she would respond by singing a field song with a hoe in her hand.

Some New Spring Books

The Claim Jumpers: Stewart Edward White	D. Appleton & Co.
The French Academy: Leon H. Vincent	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Corneille: Leon H. Vincent	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
A Journey to Nature: J. P. Mowbray ("J. P. M.")	Doubleday, Page & Co.
The Lion's Brood: Duffield Osborne	Doubleday, Page & Co.
The Will and the Way: Susan M. Belser	Lutheran Publication Society
Garcilaso: J. Breckenridge Ellis	A. C. McClurg & Co.
Birth a New Chance: Columbus Bradford	A. C. McClurg & Co.
Sir Christopher: Maud Wilder Goodwin	Little, Brown & Co.
Wigwam Stories: Mary Catherine Judd	Ginn & Co.
Four Hundred Laughs: John R. Kemble	New Amsterdam Book Company
The Love Letters of Bismarck	Harper & Brothers
The Progress of the Century: By Eminent Specialists	Harper & Brothers
A Book of Remembrance: Mrs. E. D. Gillespie	J. B. Lippincott Company

Pop Fizz Foam Sparkle

The Nation's temperance beverage
Hires Rootbeer
Make it at home. Sold everywhere in 25c. packages, which make five gallons each.
CHARLES E. HIRES CO.
Malvern, Pa.

Line of Life

on PEARLINE users' hands should be deep and long. PEARLINE lengthens life by removing the evils of the old way of washing; cramped bending to rub, long breathing, fetid steam, weary standing on feet, over-exertion, exhaustion. Doctor Common Sense tells you this is bad. With PEARLINE you simply soak, boil and rinse. Quick, easy, sensible, healthful—proved by millions of users. 639

YOUR SHOES WILL always look neat and clean if you use
Dykes' Shoe Polisher

Our polisher is new, novel and practically indestructible—better than a brush and costs less. Send 30 cents for postage and handling and get the brush practically free as it advertises Dykes' Rubber Heel. Your dealer has DYKES' RUBBER HEEL; if not send us outline of heel and 25 cents for a pair.
JOHN L. G. DYKES CO., Dept. F, 90-5th Ave., Chicago

New Buggy, $25.50

(With Top $33.00.) We manufacture a full line of Buggies, Carriages and Harness, all latest styles. Superior quality. Prices defy competition. The entire product of two enormous factories. Sold direct to the consumer only. Saves Dealers' Profit. Sent on approval. Your money back if not satisfied. Write immediately for SPECIAL OFFER.
UNION BUGGY COMPANY, 402 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.

In Search of Mademoiselle
By GEORGE GIBBS
The N. Y. *Press* says: "Is a gem. . . . It outranks 'Richard Carvel.'" . . . "It dims the lustre of 'Janice Meredith.'". . . "Mr. Gibbs' style is unapproachable."
Sent by mail, $1.25. H. T. COATES & CO., Phila.

LAWNS, PARKS, CEMETERIES

And all enclosures are both protected and beautified by using this
HARTMAN STEEL-ROD LAWN FENCE
Strong, serviceable and lasts indefinitely. Catalogue mailed free.
Hartman Mfg. Company, Box 125, Elwood City, Pa.
Or Room 101, 200 Broadway, New York City

"QUICK" BUGGY AND WAGON JACK
Lifts Carriages, Wagons and heavy articles around home. Strong, Simple, Compact. Malleable iron and hard wood. Price reasonable. Big money maker for good agents. Easy terms. Free Samples.
Write for Catalogue.
QUICK MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 01, Galion, Mich.

Learn to WRITE ADS. By Mail
Practical instruction by experienced writers. Takes spare hours only. Adapted to all. Full particulars free. Moderate terms.
American School of Advertising, Broadway and 44th St., New York

If you mu: ...100.
When buyi... ding machine pay
$35 for "The Chicago"
...D GIVE $65.00 AWAY
Yo... better satisfied with your investment than if you put the whole sum into some other typewriter.

It is not only in price that "The Chicago" excels

This typewriter is constructed on the soundest and most ingenious mechanical principles, made of the best material and built by the most skilled, high-class workmen; it represents up-to-date methods applied to the manufacturing and placing on the market of a typewriter and shows how much of the $100. charged for other typewriters goes to profit and waste. Catalogue and full information furnished on application.

CHICAGO WRITING MACHINE CO.
90 Wendell Street Chicago, U. S. A.

You Hear!
When you use
Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums
The only scientific sound conductors. Invisible, comfortable, efficient. They fit in the ear. Doctors recommend them. Thousands testify to their perfection and to benefit derived.
Information and book of letters from many users, free
WILSON EAR DRUM CO.
104 Trust Building Louisville, Ky.

Start Right
Buy a dry-plate camera, let us mail you free Hammer's little book, "A Short Talk on Negative Making," containing valuable formulas and tables; also pertinent points on developing; then insist on
Hammer Dry Plates
and you are a long way on the road to successful photography. Hammer Plates never disappoint.
OUR TRADE MARK CUT OF
ON EVERY PACKAGE
HAMMER DRY PLATE COMPANY
3500 Ohio Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

REDUCES COST OF INSURANCE
Philadelphia Chemical Fire Pail
Hermetically Sealed. Non-Evaporating
Approved by Fire Underwriters' Associations. Write for our illustrated pamphlet, which tells all about it. TRAINER & CO., 411 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

TELEGRAPHY
...ught thoroughly. Total Cost, Tuition (telegraphy and typewriting), board and room, 6-months' course, $82. Can be reduced one-half; great demand for operators; school organized 1874. Catalog free. Dodge's Institute, Valparaiso, Ind.

Calumet ...

A Romance of the Great ... Corner By Merwin-Web

(Continued from Page 11)

and they said it was your orders. You'll come to smash that way, sure as a gun."

"Not if they don't take more than I told 'em to and if they're careful. They have to do it to keep up with the carpenters."

"Well, it's running a big risk, that's all. I don't like it."

"Don't I know it's a risk? Do you suppose I like it? We've got something to do and we've got to do it somehow."

Pete laughed uneasily. "I—I told 'em not to pick up more than two sticks at a time till they heard from me."

"I think," said Bannon with a look that was new to Pete, "I think you'd better go as fast as you can and tell them to go on as they were when you found them."

Late on Tuesday afternoon the hoist broke. It was not easy to get from the men a clear account of the accident. The boss of the gang denied that he had carried more of a load than Bannon had authorized, but some of the talk among the men indicated the contrary. Only one man was injured and he not fatally, a piece of almost miraculous good luck. Some scaffolding was torn down and a couple of big timbers badly sprung, but the total damage was really slight.

Bannon in person superintended rigging the new hoist. It was ready for work within two hours after the accident.

"She's guyed a little better than the other was, I think," said Bannon to the foreman. "You won't have any more trouble. Go ahead."

"How about the load?"

"Carry the same load as before. You weren't any more than keeping up."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Macaroni Wheat

MACARONI has begun to be manufactured in large quantities in this country, and, in consequence, a demand is being made upon the Department of Agriculture (at Washington) for "macaroni wheat"—a variety of wheat that has an unusually large percentage of gluten, rendering it suitable for conversion into this particular kind of farinaceous paste.

A few years ago considerable first-rate macaroni wheat was raised in Texas, but the farmers in that part of the country gave it up, because the grain kernels were so hard as to resist milling with the appliances then available. With the improved apparatus now employed the difficulty is done away with, and the lack of seed of the cereal formerly condemned as useless is deeply regretted. However, the Government is doing its best to supply the want.

Another variety of wheat—a variety practically new to this country—was cultivated for the first time on a considerable scale in the Dakotas last year, and thousands of acres have been sown with it this year. It is called "spelt," but the proper name of it is "emmer;" spelt being something very different.

Spelt is useful mainly as forage for domestic animals, whereas emmer is suitable for human food, the Russians in the region of the Volga consuming immense quantities of it in the form of gruel made from the pounded grain.

Emmer is said to have several advantages over ordinary wheat, and on that account may replace the latter to a large extent in the Northwest. It stands drought well, resists cold, makes well-filled heads, and holds its kernels firmly, so that they are not scattered by the wind or in harvesting.

It may be that in the future the wild rice which grows in shallow water in the Great Lakes and in some Eastern rivers such as the Delaware, as well as in Chesapeake Bay, will be utilized as a cultivated grain. It promises well for such employment, but as yet has not been planted except by a few hunting clubs, which have sown its seed in places where it is likely to attract and fatten the canvasback duck. The Indians, long before Columbus came, were accustomed to gather its harvest annually by going out in canoes, bending the stalks over the edge of the boat, and beating out the grain until a full cargo was obtained. They made bread of it, and, if its qualities have not been overestimated, it ought to furnish a very satisfactory food.

THE
ANGLE LAMP
Never shows to greater advantage than during the warmer months. Its brilliancy, combined with
LITTLE HEAT
makes it ideal. Many summer homes are equipped with it throughout. It never smokes, smells or gets out of order, and burns but eighteen cents' worth of oil per month. Send for our Catalog K, showing all styles from $1.80 up.
THE ANGLE LAMP CO., 76 Park Place, New York
The light that never fails

GENTLEMEN: The GOODFORM Trousers Hanger is made of fine, specially rolled spring steel, heavily nickel-plated on copper. The parts in contact with the fabric are wide and the edges rounded. It operates automatically. "You press the button," and the keeper does the rest. Sample by mail, 35c.; 3 for $1.00; 6 and a closet loop, $2.00. All express prepaid.

This is what you want if you want the best
Sold by Hardware and Furnishing Stores, or prepaid for the price. Remit to the maker.
CHICAGO FORM COMPANY, Dept. 96, 124 La Salle Street, CHICAGO

Wasteful Office Work
There is an immense amount of detail connected with the average business which makes office work cumbersome, intricate and expensive. By applying
Baker-Vawter Business Systems
office work is simplified to such an extent that the head of a firm is able to know the exact condition of affairs at the close of business each day. Please write for pamphlet "General Expense," explaining our business.
Baker-Vawter Company, - 141 Washington Street, Chicago.
Accountants, Auditors, Devisers of Business Systems—Manufacturers. Branches in all principal cities.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL
The Niagara Falls Route.
PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION
New York, Boston, Eastern Resorts.
Reduced Rates. Stopover on Through Tickets
"Pan-American Souvenir," "A Summer Note Book" and other booklets sent for 4c. postage.
O.W. Ruggles, Gen. Pass'r and Tkt. Agt., Chicago

Correspondence Institute of America
SCRANTON, PENN'A., U. S. A.
THE CLARK COMPANY (Incorporated), Proprietors

Our method of Mail Instruction has an international reputation. All instruction individual. Only adequate school of its kind. Write for special proposition on any one of the following courses:

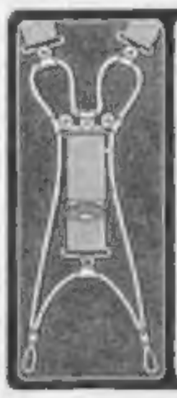
Illustrating, Ad. Writing
Bookkeeping
Journalism Stenography

Successful students everywhere. Continue your present occupation and prepare for a profession in your leisure hours.

Tuition payable 60 days after a position is secured

Instructors experienced and competent. Personal criticisms. Our correspondence courses practical and thorough. When writing mention the course in which you are interested.

CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
Scranton, Pa., U. S. A.



Only on the
PRESIDENT
Suspender
No other suspender has the comfort-giving arrangement found on the President. Every pair guaranteed. If "President" is on the buckles it's genuine. Trimmings can not rust. Price 50c., or by mail.
C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
Box 231, Shirley, Mass.

Abdominal Supporters!

The kind that fit are the kind we make. Our name on Abdominal Supporters is a guarantee of perfect comfort. A trial will convince you—money back if not satisfied. Buy direct and get dealer's profit. Our 32-page illustrated catalogue showing different styles is free. Send for it. We own and occupy large six-story building and have been established 20 years.
HENRY SCHROEDER, 461-465 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago
Valuable booklet, interesting to person troubled with Corpulency, sent free. Write to-day.

KITSELMAN ORNAMENTAL FENCE
Excels in strength, beauty and durability. Made of steel and iron. Cheaper than wood. 50 Designs. Catalog free.
KITSELMAN BROTHERS, Box 0-109, Muncie, Ind.

PATENT SECURED or FEES returned. FREE opinion as to patentability. Send for our Guide Book, finest publication ever issued for free distribution. Patents secured through us advertised without charge in The Patent Record. *Sample copy free.*
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

Combination Collar Button and Tie-Holder
Best and simplest device made for holding a string tie in place. Impossible for tie to ride up on the collar or get around under the ears. Especially adapted for evening dress ties and ladies' shirt-waist ties. Slides through collar easily and holds tie firmly. Handsomely made of Rolled Gold Plate. Agents wanted everywhere. Of dealers, or sent direct, postpaid, on receipt of price, 25c.

HUNTER & PATTERSON, 349 Broadway, New York
Pat. May 22, 1900

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Light Reading

For Warm Weather

The fiction features planned for early numbers of the magazine will meet all tastes, all demands. There will be tales to read on boat and train or under the trees. Look over this partial list and judge for yourself.

Two Short Summer Serials

Early numbers of the magazine will contain a short serial story by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE. This striking novelette deals with a phase of Kansas life which no one knows better than the author—politics. The incisiveness, the humor, and the keen insight into human nature, to which Mr. White's character sketches owe their brilliancy, are displayed to even better advantage in his latest work of fiction.

By William Allen White

The End of the Deal

This is a four-part story which centres about the wheat pit on the Chicago Board of Trade. The central figures are the old plunger, his pretty daughter, and the man who is in love with her. Mr. Payne is a specialist in the fiction of finance, and Chicago brokers will find his latest story strongly reminiscent of one of the most dramatic episodes in the history of the Board of Trade.

By Will Payne

Thompson's Progress

Thompson is a ne'er-do-well of an English mill town—a clever poacher and a chronic loafer. In due time he reaches the turning point of his career and decides to make a man of himself. His rise is chronicled in six short stories, each complete in itself; but all together forming a continuous narrative of how the young poacher became one of the greatest mill owners in England.

By Cutcliffe Hyne

The Diary of a Harvard Professor

The universal popularity of Mr. Flandrau's Diary of a Harvard Freshman has more than warranted a new series of these brilliant tales of university life. The *dramatis personæ* of the new stories are the same as those of the first series. The mode of treatment, however, is slightly different, and one turns from the diary of Granny to that of Professor Fleetwood.

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

Bret Harte's New Stories

Genial Colonel Starbottle, one of the most lovable of all Bret Harte's California friends, is the hero of two short stories which will appear in summer numbers of the magazine.

Stories by Gilbert Parker

Mr. Gilbert Parker, after a long stay in Egypt, is writing for early publication a series of six tales of modern Egyptian life. In these powerful stories Mr. Parker draws Arab and fellah, and English subaltern, with as much fidelity and dramatic perception as he depicted the people of the Canadian provinces. These stories show in a striking way how Egypt is being rehabilitated by English dominance.

Other Short Stories

His Gift of Eloquence: The story of a lawyer's love and how his eloquence lost him the girl, by George Horton.

The Remittance Man: A two-part story of a young prodigal who has been sent out from England to make his fortune on a Canadian ranch, by W. A. Fraser.

The Predicament of Ficklin: A chapter in the love affairs of an erratic weather clerk, by George Hibbard.

The Affair of the Cachalot: A tale of the lady, the Foreign Office and the stock market, by Van Tassel Sutphen.

"Kicker" Lang: A two-part story of undergraduate life at Harvard University, by Charles Macomb Flandrau.

I Try to Amuse Cousin George: A new episode in the courtship of Patricia and Mr. Featherstone-Hope, by Lilian Quiller-Couch.

Ballads of the Banks: Six jolly ballads of the Gloucester Fishermen on the Grand Banks. The first of them is The Tale of the Shag-Eyed Shark, by Holman F. Day.

$1.00 the Year by Subscription

5c the Copy on All News-Stands

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FOR 56 CENTS
Wild Flowers from the Yellowstone
YOU CAN OBTAIN
"WILD FLOWERS FROM THE YELLOWSTONE" AND "WONDERLAND 1901"
The Former is a DAINTY HERBARIUM 8x6 inches in size and having 10 specimens of beautifully pressed and mounted WILD FLOWERS from YELLOWSTONE PARK in NATURAL COLORS. The latter is a FINE BOOK OF TRAVEL through the PARK and the NORTHWEST, ILLUSTRATED IN COLORS.
WILD FLOWERS 50¢
WONDERLAND 6¢
SEND TO CHAS S FEE
NORTHERN PACIFIC
GEN PASS AGT ST PAUL MINN
TRY THE "NORTH COAST LIMITED"

Bicycle Riding is a COMFORT and PLEASURE if you use

The Berkey Spring Seat Post

It stops all jar and vibration in riding, saves wear and tear on your wheel, gives you the advantage of a **Cushion Frame Bicycle** at small cost. Fits any wheel, old or new, and made to suit all weights of riders. Always in order. It cannot work loose. Highly recommended by physicians.

YOUR MONEY RETURNED IF NOT SATISFIED

If your dealer does not have the Berkey Spring Post, send us his name and $2.00, giving also diameter of seat post now on your wheel, how fastened in frame, and your weight, and we will send you one, express prepaid. Try it for thirty days, and if not entirely satisfactory return it at our expense, and we will refund your money. Send for booklet, free, "Doubles the Pleasure of Cycling."

Berkey Spring Seat Post Co., Station 69, Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE FASTEST FLYERS USE

Hartford Tires

FOR BICYCLES And CARRIAGES

The HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

THE LOZIER GAS ENGINES AND LAUNCHES

The three handsomest and most elaborate engine and boat catalogs ever published sent free upon request.

The Lozier Motor Co.
20 Water Street
PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.